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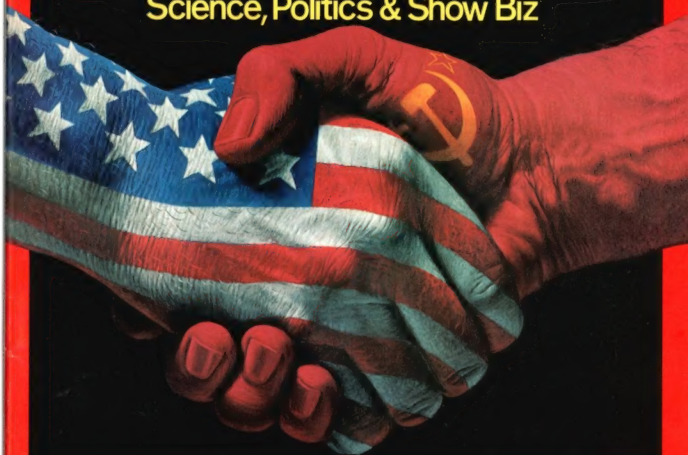
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



GOLDEN

How would the rocket crew feel while the rocket was accelerating? They would lie barely conscious on their contoured G-couches ... The men would be expected to rise from their beds of pain (not knowing which end is up) and perform navigation feats that would tax a professor of celestial mechanics.

—TIME, Dec. 8, 1952

Some anxieties have been dissipated since TIME's first cover story on space exploration, but the "navigation feat" involved in the Apollo-Soyuz orbital link-up involves a new challenge. As Timothy James, who edited our cover story, puts it: "Apollo-Soyuz is an example of former enemies cooperating to achieve something that could benefit both sides." Indeed, the spectacle of Soviet and American space scientists working in tandem would have astonished our 1952 cover writer who reported that "the cold war has thrown a blackout over all rocket research. Not one man on earth who knows the latest developments can talk freely about them." Correspondents covering Apollo-Soyuz found the Soviets still obsessed by secrecy, but they did divulge more information than on any previous launching. In Moscow, TIME's Gordon Joseloff assessed detente propaganda surrounding the mission, and provided biographies of the Soyuz cosmonauts. Atlanta Correspondent David Lee reported on the scene and personalities at NASA's mission control center in Houston. Aerospace Correspondent Jerry Hannifin furnished the "specs" of U.S. and Soviet space hardware. Reporter-Researcher Janice Castro verified details ranging from what the American astronauts will have for dessert (rehydratable peach ambrosia) to the mechanics of the "androgynous" docking module that will link the Soviet and American vehicles.



CASTRO

For Associate Editor Fredric Golden, the story caps years of reporting preparations for the mission, beginning with a tour of Soviet scientific institutions. Golden joined our Science section in 1969, the week that Apollo 11 astronauts returned to earth, and has since written dozens of space stories on subjects as diverse as Skylab, extraterrestrial intelligence and proposals to colonize the moon. "Space exploration," Golden says, "shows human beings in their finest moments—adventuring, dreaming and looking to the future." As we went to press three days before the Russian and American lift-offs, all hands here hoped that the mission would take place on schedule—and safely.

Ralph P. Davidson

INDEX

Cover Story	53	Environment	66	Nation	12
Color	51	Forum	4	People	38
		Medicine	58	Press	40
Books	62	Milestones	39	Religion	65
Cinema	58	Modern Living	50	Science	53
Economy		Music	49	Sport	47
& Business	42			World	24

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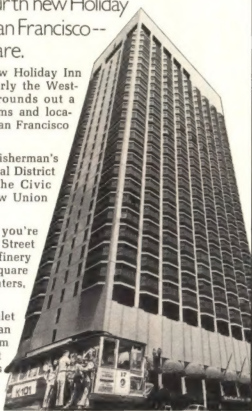
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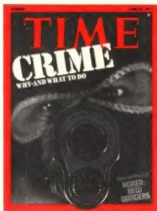
Curing Crime

To the Editors:

TIME's report on crime (June 30) reminded me of the day a number of years ago when I went over to Alcatraz prison to visit my client Mickey Cohen. I asked Warden Johnson what program he had for rehabilitating these toughest of all convicts. He replied: "We don't rehabilitate; we just warehouse!"

Now, when I thought we were making progress in penology, we are back to this medieval dungeon system of warehousing. At least that is what most penologists in most states will tell you. Rehabilitation has been a failure, so let's keep them in to do their time.

I think we have in our prisons the



greatest captive student bodies anywhere in the U.S. I think a man should earn his way out of prison by education. If he wants to go to night school and learn more and learn faster, then his time should be cut down. I think there is a good correlation between good citizenship (if that is the antithesis of criminality) and education. I know there are a number of extreme opposite examples: Bill Sands, Caryl Chessman (both of whom I represented) and others who had high IQs and became criminals. But the usual criminal is part of an ethnic minority, economically distressed and uneducated, or, if you will, untalented how to tell right from wrong.

I'd make all sorts of classes available at good old Convict U—certainly the humanities, language, music, not just machine shop and woodworking. The latter wouldn't do the job.

But if you think me "too soft on criminals," I also think that psychiatry and psychology have progressed far enough so that we're able to tell those who should never be let out, once we can put our finger on them. We might even be able to do this before they run afoul of the law. Some people because

Decision '75: Energy independence--- will we go where the action is?

As we look to a goal of energy independence by 1985, obviously this country's major resources are where the action is. At least that's where the action should be. But although coal makes up almost 80% of our energy reserves, we use it to supply less than 20% of our energy.

We still need oil and natural gas, as well as man-made energy sources, to perform those energy functions they do best (such as petroleum for motor fuel). But by utilizing coal for the lion's share of industrial heating and power generation, we can free oil and gas for use where they are most needed... and gain more energy freedom for the nation as a whole.

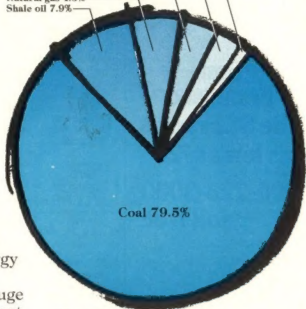
It won't be easy. It will take huge investments in coal mines and equipment. It will take a commitment by industries and utilities. It will take an understanding on the part of both large energy consumers and environmentalists that their positions are not mutually exclusive. But, most important, it will take a firm energy plan by the government, with strong legislative backing to reassure all parties that they are not alone.

You can do something. Send for our free booklet, "Decision '75: Coal is the answer." Then if you have unanswered questions, write us. But if you agree that coal is the logical beginning toward fuel independence, let the people who are working on the problem know that they are not alone.

Do it now. Let's not look back ten years from now on where the action was.

National Coal Association, 1130 17th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036.

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of serious mental problems have just as much a constitutional right to be kept in custody as we on the outside have the right to have them kept from us.

*Melvin Belli
 San Francisco*

Your story attacked the frightening state of crime in America with pillows and those never-say-die clichés. Oh, you mentioned those nasty words like deterrence and punishment, but your obvious desire to quickly return to the womb of "humanism" had me laughing through my teeth.

As you wait in the rubble of a lawlessness that begets anarchy, will you, along with all those other fine folks who brought us the "goodness" of liberalism, have any second thoughts?

*John F. Bye
 Dade City, Fla.*

Your story incorrectly stated: "Despite signs of growing grass-roots support for tougher gun laws, Americans will apparently have to settle for the President's proposed ban on 'Saturday night specials,' an idea even the N.R.A. endorses."

The National Rifle Association opposes any proposed legislation, at any level of government, which is directed against the firearm rather than against the criminal misuse of firearms.

*Maxwell E. Rich
 Executive Vice President
 The National Rifle Association
 Washington, D.C.*

Why not sell revolver bullets in the same way we sell dangerous drugs: by prescription only, and in strictly limited amounts? Non-renewable prescriptions, of course. If more are required, one will have to ante up a new R. In this way, store owners and messengers and private eyes and others who feel the need for protection of a hand gun will be able to shoot if they must; but will have to account to their local precinct.

*(Mrs.) Marie Berler
 Syosset, N.Y.*

As TIME has pointed out so succinctly, the crime problem in our nation today is serious and there are no easy solutions. Yet one theme runs throughout any comprehensive report on violent crime: the frequent use of handguns to commit these despicable acts.

Although we know that handguns kill 10,000 Americans each year, that they are used in one of every three robberies, and one of every four aggravated assaults, and that they were used to murder 73% of the police officers killed between 1962 and 1974—still we tolerate the presence of at least 40 million of these lethal weapons in our midst.

It is my conviction that we must act now to eliminate the unnecessary nightmares that come out of the barrels of these easily obtained handguns. They are clearly public enemy No. 1, and must



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Little Rosa lives in a small hut made of scraps of wood and tin, crowded into the slum section of a large South American city.

Her father works as a day laborer on construction sites, but his earnings are small and often he cannot find any work at all. Rosa's mother peddles lemons and garlic in the streets to help earn money for food.

Rosa's parents try hard to provide for her and their other four children. Our overseas report says the children have "very poor clothing" but they are "clean and neat, not only in their attire but in their persons."

When we took her picture, Rosa was sitting at her desk in school writing to her sponsor. She is a good pupil, "very bright and alert..."

Now Rosa has a chance for a better life in spite of her hardships. With help from her CCF sponsor here in the United States, she can get an education. And with an education she has a chance to break the poverty cycle—to escape from the dismal slum where she lives.

Rosa and her sponsor exchange letters and the little girl looks forward to receiving them. To her, they mean her sponsor loves her and cares about what happens to her.

But what about other children trapped by poverty? What will happen to them? Rosa is only one example of thousands of children around the world who are waiting for someone to care.

Your love can make the difference. Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can sponsor a needy child like Rosa for only \$15 a month (about 50¢ a day) and begin a person-to-person relationship with the child assigned to you.

What does your sponsorship actually do for a child? Well, each child is helped according to his own needs. If the youngest lives in a Children's Home, you

will be helping supply food, clothing and medical care. If the child is enrolled in one of our Family Helper Projects, your sponsorship will help provide school supplies, clothing, medical assistance emergency food and shelter, and family guidance from a trained child care worker. Won't you share your blessings with a child who needs help?

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be dealt with through legislation to effectively control their manufacture, distribution, importation and possession.

Tom Bradley
Mayor
Los Angeles

I tend to think the escalating crime rate in this country is merely a symptom of a spreading disease within our society. The sickness, and therefore the problem, lies in our growing affluence. This places an unbearable burden on many people to successfully compete and attain the so-called good life. The rising crime rate is an indication that an increasing number of people cannot compete successfully within the system and so must resort to outside means.

William S. Grogan
Natick, Mass.

What ever became of that favorite expression "as old as sin"? A candid recognition of sin as the root of all crime goes further toward identifying, with honesty and forthrightness, the causes and consequent remedy than does your euphemism "trampling the rules."

Donald P. Kirkwood
Beaver Falls, Pa.

You've ignored the lesson taught us by Dostoyevsky in *Crime and Punishment*, in which the motivation, not the murderer, is the elusive element. Prisons are full of lawbreakers who want to get caught. Those who don't want to get caught generally don't. If you fail to punish a criminal you are probably frustrating his most basic human need.

Nobody ever expiated sin listening to hi-fi. The criminal needs to pay a debt to society. That's what crime is all about.

Alfred Sundel
New York City

In order to eliminate half of the crime problems, we must ask our legislators to repeal half of the laws that arbitrarily and unnecessarily attempt to legislate particular versions of morality.

William B. Hackett III
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Cry Wolfe

Robert Hughes says that Tom Wolfe's book, *The Painted Word* (June 23), contains so many "elementary howlers" there's not room enough to list them; but, he assures your readers, "one example will do for all."

His one example: a sentence in *The Painted Word* mentioning that Franz Kline once painted such social-realist subjects as "unemployed Negroes, crippled war veterans and the ubiquitous workers with open blue workshirts and necks wider than their heads." Hughes says, "In fact, he never painted such pictures. Either Wolfe is making them up or he cannot distinguish between Franz Kline and Ben Shahn."

A look at Kline's work suggests a

Could America run out of electricity?

America depends on electricity. Our need for electricity actually doubles about every 10 or 12 years.

Can we keep meeting this need year after year?

It depends on what we do in the next few years.

We have the technology to make all the electricity we need. About 85% of our electricity is made simply by boiling water to make steam to turn a turbine.

But it takes fuel to boil water. Coal. Oil. Gas. Uranium. And now some of our fuels are in short supply. Oil and

natural gas, for example.

We have to continue the search for new oil and gas reserves. But we can't depend on them alone. Many experts

believe we have already found most of the oil and gas that will ever be found in the U.S.

We are going to have to rely more and more on our resources that are in ample supply.



Coal and nuclear fuel, for example.

We are going to have to build more nuclear power plants. And new, more efficient coal-burning power plants.

General Electric has been working to do both. Since the first nuclear plant 18 years ago, GE has been working with utilities building nuclear power plants across the country and around the world. GE has also designed power plants that will squeeze more electricity out of every lump of coal.

But we have to use this electricity and all our resources wisely. And continue to look for new ways to make electricity.

Because America depends too much on electricity to ever run out.



Someday, our electricity may come from the sun.

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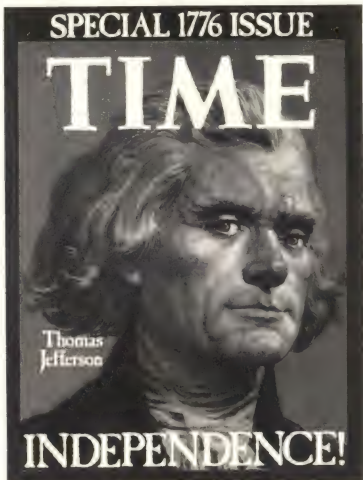
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FORUM

third possibility: namely, that the museum mail-order art survey course your man Hughes took included only one line about Kline (probably "Franz Kline—20th-cent. Am. abstract expressionist"). It's no doubt news to Hughes, but Kline went through a period of realism, including social realism. This is a painting by Franz Kline (not Ben Shahn) called *Ex-Servicemen and the Unemployed* (1941). As your man says, "One



"EX-SERVICEMEN AND THE UNEMPLOYED"

example will do for all." I'm afraid that leaves us with just one elementary howler: the one named Robert Hughes.

Tom Wolfe
New York City

Robert Hughes comments: "Kline was a figurative painter to the end of the 1940s. The point, however, is that Wolfe

presented Kline 'in the '30s' as a party hack, 'dutifully cranking out' paintings of social-realist clichés at the dictation of unnamed 'drillmasters.' No such body of work by Kline exists. To support his thesis, all Wolfe can produce is one picture from the '40s—and even it is too expressionist to fit the strict canon of social realism."

Why No Clamor?

By its own formularies, the Episcopal Church (July 7) is described as the "mystical body of thy Son," not as an arena for the joustings of feminists. The altar is consecrated to "the sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving," not to mock celebrations of Holy Communion by invalidly ordained women priests.

It is noteworthy that we hear no clamor from these women to enter an Episcopal convent, where the work is total self-sacrifice and unceasing prayer—never with public display and constant news media coverage.

Harold E. Carter
Huntington Station, N.Y.

A Marshall Plan for Abe

The most realistic approach to a solution of New York City's financial crisis (June 23) would be for the city administration to declare war on the U.S.—and lose. Washington could then pour

millions of dollars into the city to reconstruct it. *Vive* "the mouse that roared!"

Jeff Dexter
Beacon, N.Y.

Shake, Bake and Bite

After *Poseidon Adventure*, I fear cruising on an ocean liner. After *Airport* and its follow-up, I cringe at the thought of flight. *Towering Inferno* gives me indigestion before I arrive for dinner at my favorite restaurant on the 62nd floor of the U.S. Steel Building *Jaws* (June 23) now forces me to abandon my vacation spot on Cape Hatteras in favor of the safety of the Allegheny River. Ah, the brilliance of Hollywood! In one short year it has transformed Americans into cowering paranoids whose only security is found in the tenth row of a darkened cinema.

Tom Steiner
Pittsburgh

Yes, Director Spielberg should have used the tank rather than the open seas, for, as anyone knows, pool sharks seldom forget their cues.

John H. Esler
Vienna

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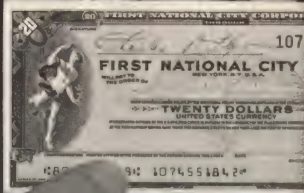
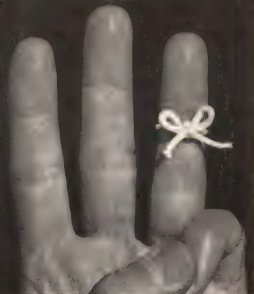
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TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

The Perspective Below

In a positively ostentatious feat of celestial détente, the Americans and Soviets were scheduled this week to unite their Apollo and Soyuz spacecraft 140 miles up in the cosmos. Their photographs looking back will show the eerily beautiful blue and white marbled globe, but the perspective down on earth seemed murky and bitterly troubled.

As Americans contemplated the atmosphere abroad (see *THE WORLD*), there were especially ominous signs for some democratic or formerly democratic governments. India, under Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's state of emergency, seemed to be slipping into authoritarianism. Portugal, which not long ago gave hopes of becoming a successful democracy, seemed to be heading toward a leftist dictatorship. Argentina, where the chances of democracy admittedly had never been strong, seemed on the edge of bankruptcy and chaos. Though Britain appeared to be making some moderate progress in fighting its way back from the economic precipice, it remained in desperate shape.

While American and Russian astronauts were preparing to go through their elaborate ballet in space, American and Russian diplomats were continuing their own interminable dance. Without any apparent hindrance from the Soviets, the U.S. prodded Israel and Egypt toward a second-stage agreement in the Sinai. As Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko met in Geneva, there seemed new possibilities for agreement on nuclear arms limitation.

But détente, a great hope for the

world, is an idea still viewed on both sides with skepticism and wariness. Out in the neutrality of space, a successful Soyuz-Apollo linkage would be an extraordinary performance, both technically and politically. Down here on earth, détente is not susceptible to technology's brisk logic—and is a more difficult, more complicated business.

Legislate the Truth?

Since 1948, a federal law has carried the threat of five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine for any citizen who "willfully falsifies, conceals or covers up" a material fact from any agent of the Government. Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy wants to make the law a two-edged sword: his staff is drafting a bill to declare it a crime for any Government official knowingly to mislead or lie to the public.

Under such a law, the State Department spokesman who lied about Francis Gary Powers' U-2 flight over Russia in 1960 could presumably have been prosecuted. Certainly the Nixon Administration's high-level lying about the B-52 bombing of Cambodia would have been actionable. Of course, Ted Kennedy is politician enough not to want to apply the law to campaign promises and political rhetoric—such a prohibition might jail nearly every elected official in the nation, depending on how rigorously one defined a "lie."

Kennedy's quixotic bill is an effort to legislate virtue—like the Volstead Act. The truth bill might lower the general level of mendacity in Washington, though the cautionary example of Watergate and the Roundhead vigilance around the capital these days should be warning enough. But if the law were en-

acted, could a President bluff another power by announcing a course of action he had no intention of taking?

Conceivably, the Kennedy bill might render officials even less communicative and more secretive, inhibited and legalistically subtle, more adept at what Carlyle called "the talent of lying in a way that cannot be laid hold of." Where virtue and veracity are concerned, it might be shrewder to make a sunny presumption of innocence and rely on the American people's proven talent for discerning, sooner or later, that they are being lied to.

Living Longer

Among the nations that measure average life expectancy, America ranks a relatively low 17th—behind most of Western Europe, Japan, Greece and even Bulgaria. Part of the reason is that the U.S. is a large, heterogeneous country where many people, especially non-whites and the rural poor, lack good nutrition and medical care.

But the statistics are improving. The average American life span reached a record-high 71.9 years in 1974, up from 71.3 in 1973. According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., the expected lifetime rose to 68.1 years for men and to 75.8 for women—the largest annual increases in two decades.

Americans are living longer, in part because of a 2% decrease in the death rate from heart disease—accounting for more than a third of all deaths—and a 5% decline in the rate from strokes. The rate from auto accidents dropped 20% last year, largely because of the new and sensible 55 m.p.h. speed limit and a decline in the number of miles driven as a result of the gasoline price rise.

WEST SIDE OF MID-MANHATTAN; INSET: NEW YORK CITY EMPLOYEES' VICTOR GOTBAUM, FIREMEN'S RICHARD YIZZINI, PATROLMEN'S KEN McFEELEY



CITIES

Bucking the Unions and Looking for Cash

For the mayors of many U.S. cities in this hot summer, the threat of ghetto riots is less of a worry than a newer danger: bankruptcy. At the annual U.S. Conference of Mayors in Boston last week, San Francisco's Joseph Alioto warned some 350 anxious municipal chiefs, "The seeds of New York are in every American city." To prevent a bitter harvest, the mayors called for yet more federal aid to augment increasingly burdensome local taxes. They urged Congress to pass President Ford's proposal to share \$39.8 billion in federal revenues with states and cities over the next six years. They also endorsed two Democratic anti-recession measures. One would give \$2 billion in federal aid to municipalities in which unemployment has exceeded 6% for three straight months; the other would shovel out \$5 billion for public works.

But the mayors got no encouragement on these two measures from the Ford Administration. Housing and Urban Development Secretary Carla Hills and Transportation Secretary William Coleman told them to look to their own municipal resources. Said Hills: "The crisis of the cities will not be solved by making their deficits part of a rapidly growing federal budget deficit." Later, about 120 mayors met in the White House with Ford, who thanked them for supporting revenue sharing but did not mention their other demands.

The mayors had no more success in finding ways to deal with what some of them called a ticking time bomb:

the growing power and aggressiveness of government workers' unions. Some have the power both to paralyze cities and to block the re-election of any local officials who dare to defy them. The U.S. now has some 12 million state and municipal employees—double the number in 1960—and about one-third belong to unions. The largest general public-employee union, the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), has 700,000 members, from accountants to zookeepers, and the total is growing by 1,000 a week.

Bustling Budgets. The unions have won spectacular wage gains in recent years. Among the higher top-base annual salaries, which are reached after varying years of service and without promotion: \$18,000 for firemen and policemen in Chicago, \$16,681 for teachers in Detroit with only a bachelor's degree, and \$15,731 for sanitation men in New York. Naturally, people who earn promotions get more than that. Unions have also won pensions that range from generous to excessive and threaten to bust many a budget in the future. In New York, for example, sanitation men hired since 1973 can retire after 25 years of work, at age 55, on annual pensions of \$8,448; teachers who now earn up to \$16,650 annually if they have only a bachelor's degree can leave after 20 years' service, at age 55, at half pay.

Trapped between public demands for services and union threats to strike, many mayors are under severe pressure

to capitulate to cries for ever inflating wages and fringes. Only seven states permit some strikes by government workers, but the workers increasingly ignore bans in other states. Their unions staged 380 strikes last year—and only 15 in 1958. In the aftermath of the recession, the number may increase this year as impecunious cities try to restrain wages or reduce work forces. Declared Seattle Mayor Wes Uhlman: "The issue is who is going to manage the cities—the mayor or the city employees?"

On every mayor's mind was the sad example of New York, where Mayor Abraham Beame had approached the current fiscal year with a budget gap that be calculated at \$641 million. The city made up part of the deficit by tax increases. Beame hopes to eliminate the rest by layoffs that are expected to total 20,000 employees out of a work force of 338,000. But the unions will hardly tolerate that. Two weeks ago, for example, Beame dismissed nearly 3,000 of the city's 10,600 sanitation men. After a wildcat strike, they were rehired, at least temporarily (TIME, July 14). Observed the New York Times: "New York is working for its unionized civil service workers, not vice versa. The real power in the city is held by the municipal unions."

Last week, Beame tried to get more work out of 100,000 city office and hospital workers by ending the tradition of shortening summer workdays by an hour. Outraged, Victor Gotbaum, the local AFSCME leader, said that he would

WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO; INSET: NEW YORK MAYOR ABRAHAM BEAME, SAN FRANCISCO MAYOR JOSEPH ALIOTO, BOSTON MAYOR KEVIN WHITE



THE NATION

seek to have the mayor's edict overturned through arbitration.

Across the country, other cities face the union squeeze:

► Cleveland got \$9 million in federal funds, which saved it from having to cut 1,120 city employees to balance its budget. But a union representing 3,600 clerks and other city workers threatens to strike next week if the city does not sweeten its offer of a 10¢ hourly pay increase.

► Detroit already has laid off 2,000 of its employees and may have to dismiss hundreds more to erase a \$17.6 million deficit. When the city asked 8,000 workers to forgo paid vacations and sick leave as an economy measure, said a shop steward, "We told them to shove it."

► Los Angeles also is locked in sweaty and secret bargaining with its unions. Said City Negotiator Eugene Kidder: "It's been a tough slog. This year they're flexing their muscles."

► Boston faces a \$20 million departmental deficit, chiefly because of the cost of court-ordered school desegregation. Even so, to head off a labor confrontation, Mayor Kevin White last week agreed to give some 3,500 municipal employees an 8% wage increase.

On the brighter side of the ledger, some cities have managed to avoid trouble. Pittsburgh Mayor Pete Flaherty has pared the city's work force from 7,200 to 5,400 in five years, partly through attrition. St. Louis' 13,000 employees wisely decided to help the city out of its pinch by not pushing for wage increases this year.

Union leaders angrily deny that their demands are unreasonable. Thunders Jerry Wurf, the unyielding president of the AFSCME: "Public officials play a double-barreled game. They promise expansion of services and contraction of taxes. When they can't deliver, they make us the scapegoats." In fact, according to the Labor Department, union settlements in industry during the first quarter of this year have produced wage increases of about 12.5% while wage settlements in most cities have been averaging about half as much.

To avoid strikes or outrageous settlements in the future, both the unions and the municipalities might do well to agree on arbitration by high-level impartial boards. But to be effective, arbitration must be binding, which many mayors oppose. Argues Lawrence Cohen, mayor of St. Paul: "The ability of the municipality to pay seems to be the last item to be considered in binding arbitration. Some feel that the arbitration process is equal to flipping a coin." Unable to settle among themselves on the means to make peace without inflation, the mayors agreed last week only on a watery resolution opposing a bill pending in Congress that would extend collective-bargaining rights to all Government employees. But that only sidestepped the problem of strike threats, which could sour urban life for years.

CIA

A 'Spy' in the White House?

Bombarded by criticism and hounded by investigations, the CIA is beginning to take on some of the characteristics of the State Department during the McCarthy era in the early 1950s: morale is falling, effectiveness is diminishing, recruiting is becoming tougher, and good men are wary of committing their thoughts to paper in memos and recommendations that might come back to haunt them some day. Last week the pressure on the besieged CIA contin-

The story began last week when Congressman Robert Kasten and Ronald Dellums, members of the House committee investigating the CIA, reported that the agency had planted its own operatives in the White House and many other arms of Government. Both men said that the committee's staff director, A. Searle Field, had reviewed CIA documents reporting such plants. The next day the agency's alleged man in the White House was named by L. Fletcher

Prouty, 57, who retired as an Air Force colonel in 1963.

For nine years, while still in the Air Force, Prouty was a contact for the CIA in the Pentagon. As such, he had acted as a liaison between the two establishments. Last week he said he had learned in 1971 that the CIA's contact in the White House was Butterfield. At the time, Prouty was looking for access to the White House to get help for a project involving U.S. prisoners of war in Viet Nam. His CIA connections referred him to Howard Hunt, the convicted Watergate burglar and a longtime CIA agent. "If you're a Rotarian," explains Prouty, "you go to a member of the Rotary Club." The old school tie worked. Prouty said that Hunt, who was working for a CIA front company, told him, "My contact is Butterfield. There'll be no problem with it. Give me a week or so." Soon after, said Prouty, the White House began to help.

Still, Prouty did not go so far as to call Butterfield a CIA "spy" in the White House. Indeed, from what Prouty said, Butterfield was performing only the traditional role of contact in Washington—acting as a go-between. The CIA, like most federal departments, relies heavily on contact men in other agencies to look out for its interests.

Prouty cited his own experience as a contact man. At the beginning of 1960, the CIA wanted to fly two Cubans into Cuba in the hope that they might assassinate Fidel Castro. As a contact in the Pentagon, Prouty was approached by the CIA to see that the plan worked smoothly. Said he: "I set it all up, made sure some [U.S.] fighter plane didn't shoot us down."

Vicious Nonsense. It was long rumored in Washington that Butterfield had been the "CIA man" in the White House and that the relationship was known to Nixon. As a contact, Butterfield would have routinely handled requests from the CIA. That certainly did not make him an "agent." CIA Director William Colby angrily maintained that the claim that the agency had infiltrated



FORMER NIXON AIDE ALEXANDER BUTTERFIELD
It helps to have contacts.

ued with a welter of new accusations.

The most sensational charge was that the CIA had secretly planted its agents not only in the Treasury, Commerce and many other departments but also in Richard Nixon's White House. What was more, the alleged top agent was no file clerk or chauffeur but Alexander Butterfield, the former presidential deputy assistant who did as much as anyone to break open the Watergate scandal. It was Butterfield who supervised Nixon's notorious taping system. When an aide to the Senate Watergate committee casually asked Butterfield in July 1973 if conversations had been taped in the White House, Butterfield forthrightly said yes, and Nixon's fate was sealed.

The report that Butterfield had been a CIA man was persuasively denied by many sources, but it started a wave of speculation about how high and wide the agency had spread its covert operations. More basically, it produced a rare glimpse into the mysterious workings of the CIA and its use of "contact" people in Government agencies.

the White House was "outrageous, vicious nonsense." Without clearing Buterfield unequivocally, the White House declared that as far as it knew, no presidential aide had ever acted as "a secret CIA agent."

The CIA may not have "infiltrated" the White House, as charged, but the bothersome question remained of just when a contact man becomes so loyal to the agency that in effect he turns into its agent. As time goes on, the congressional committees investigating the CIA will want to know more about the agency's invisible web of influence that stretches throughout Washington. The CIA's ordeal has a long, long way to go.

No One Told Them

If there is a family in the U.S. with a just grievance against the CIA, it is the Olsons of Frederick, Md. The widowed mother, her married daughter and two grown sons felt compelled last week to call a press conference in the backyard of the mother's rural home to talk about what they had endured. They wanted everyone to know how an agency of their Government had driven Frank R. Olson—the man they knew as husband and father—to commit suicide, and then left them for 22 years to wonder why.

In 1953 Olson was a civilian biochemist employed by the Army at Fort Detrick, Md., the Army's supremely secret biological-warfare center, which was closed in 1971. Olson was working on a highly classified project for the CIA, which was interested in learning about the effects of new and powerful drugs that its agents conceivably could use—or have used on them. After spending a five-day period away from home engaged in the research, Olson returned in a state of unusual agitation. His wife was baffled and then alarmed by his moods of self-doubt and self-recrimination. He said nothing about what was bothering him, a fact that his wife attributed to the secrecy of his work. By Sunday he said that he had decided to quit his job.

The next day Olson seemed to get better, but on Tuesday morning he returned from work at 10 o'clock to tell his stunned wife that he had been advised to see a New York City psychiatrist—his colleagues feared he might have become a menace to her. Mrs. Olson accompanied her husband to the airport. She never saw him again.

Psychosis Delusions. Olson was taken to New York by two men, Army Colonel Vincent Ruwet, a colleague at Fort Detrick, and a man named Robert Lashbrook, who the Olson family later said they believed was a CIA agent. A psychiatric examination of Olson was conducted by Dr. Harold Abramson, now 75, who had done pioneering work on LSD. Abramson found that Olson was suffering from "severe psychosis and delusions," and recommended that he enter a sanitarium.

Olson returned to Washington with

the intention of spending Thanksgiving with his family, but was so upset that he went back to New York without ever seeing them. This time, according to a New York City police report, he registered at the Statler Hotel along with Robert Lashbrook and went to Room 1018A. At 3:20 a.m., the police said, Lashbrook was awakened by the crash of shattering glass. The window on the Seventh Avenue side was broken, and Olson's body was ten stories below.

The CIA told Mrs. Olson—vaguely and unconvincingly—that the death of her husband was somehow related to his work. No one would say what had actually happened. He was 43.

Unknown Fear. At the time, Eric Olson was nine, Nils was five and Lisa seven. Their mother conveyed to them her feeling that their father must have killed himself in a state of panic brought on by some fear that she did not know. The children tried to conceal the fact that their father had committed suicide. Nils would say that he had died "from a concussion," and Lisa told people that he had died in "an accident."

The Olson family remained baffled and burdened by the death until last month, when the Rockefeller commission issued its report on the CIA. In Chapter 16 it revealed that the CIA in the late 1940s began studying drugs that change behavior, and tests were made on unsuspecting subjects; the practice was not stopped until 1963. The report referred to an incident in 1953: "LSD was administered to an employee of the Department of the Army without his knowledge while he was attending a meeting with CIA personnel working on the drug project." CIA agents had slipped the LSD into an after-dinner drink; 20 minutes later the subject was informed he had been drugged. LSD influences different people in varying ways. In this case, the man developed serious side effects. The Rockefeller report went on to tell how he had been taken to New York City for psychiatric treatment and had jumped from a tenth-floor window. The CIA had simply reprimanded the two men who were responsible for administering the LSD.

After the report was released, the CIA still made no comment, but the Rockefeller commission's staff acknowledged that the man the agency had used as a guinea pig for LSD was, of course, Frank Olson.

Eric Olson is now 30 and a graduate student in clinical psychology at Harvard. He said last week that the family plans to sue the CIA on charges of causing wrongful death: "We know it's going to be in the millions, but we don't

know just how much." When he had learned the truth about his father's death, said Olson, "I felt a great sense of relief. I knew it was a CIA atrocity, not a suicide. It meant that we didn't have to live with that mysterious burden any longer."

Alice Olson, 59, a counselor for a mental health association, said that at first she also was greatly relieved. "Then," she said, "a feeling of overwhelming grief set in. Now I'm in a state of anger over the useless loss of life. It's justifiable anger. Sometimes I don't even know how angry I am."

Why had the CIA never told her the truth, not even to this day? "I have no idea," she answered. "I can't explain an agency that won't account for its actions. I guess they just felt it might go unnoticed if they didn't say anything." The more agonizing, unanswerable question: How many other people have been unknowingly victimized by the CIA?



BIOCHEMIST FRANK R. OLSON (1950)



THE FAMILY: LISA, NILS, ERIC & MRS. OLSON

REFUGEES

Blunders, Breakdowns—and Action

"I don't know how I got here," said the elderly Vietnamese with the straggly Ho Chi Minh beard. "When my wife and I were evacuated from the Central Highlands, we thought we were going to Saigon. Instead, we ended up in America. It seems like a nice place, but what would an old man like me do here?"

The old man was standing on the hot tarmac of the El Toro Marine Air Station at Santa Ana, Calif., along with 49 other Vietnamese—all waiting to board the C-141 Starlifter that would take them to Guam, the first leg of their journey back home. They were among the 2,500 refugees who have petitioned to be flown back to Viet Nam by the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees (1,200 have already left). Most of them, especially the single men, are returning because they want to be reunited with their families. But increasingly, those who seek repatriation reflect an unfortunate fact about the American refugee resettlement program: it has been so excruciatingly slow and inefficient that it has left some refugees, if not eager to return to Viet Nam, at least demoralized about their prospects in the U.S.

Finding Helpers. Authorities have steadily pushed back their target date for resettling all the refugees. First it was July 1, then Aug. 1—and now Nov. 1. Skeptics doubt that the program can be completed before next spring. About 48,000 refugees—more than one-third of the total—have been "out-processed" to homes. Meanwhile, 62,000 still languish in four refugee camps in the U.S., and 18,000 have not yet left way stations on Guam and Wake Island.

The most acute difficulty is finding reliable sponsors. This is the job of nine

voluntary agencies (four religious and five secular), which have offices at each of the camps. Lately they have tried to find group sponsorship within communities and churches. For example, the Lutheran voluntary agency asked 110 of its congregations in California to take on at least one Vietnamese family; so far, 90 have agreed to do so. Elsewhere, the drives have not gone as well. Says Richard D. Stahlke, head of the Lutheran refugee program in Arizona: "We've all been hearing the same objections from potential sponsors—the economic situation and the fear of overtaxing congregations."

Another obstacle: many aspiring individual sponsors are regarded by the voluntary agencies as unqualified to take responsibility for a refugee family. The Interagency Task Force for Indochina Refugees in Washington has been screening 22,000 inquiries received through its toll-free phone lines. "I'd be very pleased if 5,000 sponsors resulted from those inquiries," says Joseph Battaglia, head of the U.S. Catholic Conference office at California's Camp Pendleton. Explains Stahlke: "We're getting a lot of screwballs who are more interested in their own purposes than in the refugees. Some seek cheap labor; others want companionship." A Californian, 44, wrote in for a wife with these specifications: "God-fearing, no dirty background, knows how to speak English, height 5 ft. 3, age 21-25."

Earlier, some sponsors were accepted with the most cursory of investigations, often after nothing more than a telephone interview. The result: a number of "breakdowns," in which sponsors have not fulfilled their commitment to provide for the refugees until they can fend for themselves. There



CELEBRATING JULY 4 IN CAMP
Where are the sponsors?

have been a few sordid instances of outright exploitation or abuse—in Florida, one woman was assaulted by her male sponsor. In most breakdowns, however, the sponsors simply lack resources to support the refugees.

Menial Jobs. Some of the refugees have become so lonely for Vietnamese company that they have sought to return to the camps. Others, especially those who enjoyed upper-class status in Viet Nam, have been unwilling to take menial jobs. A senior official of a volunteer agency reports that several refugees refused a position as night clerk in a hotel in Buffalo, partly because of the job's nature and partly because of the city's frigid winters. Says the official: "Not all of these people realize that, like other refugee groups in our history, they must start at the bottom, then move around later."

Yet it would be premature to judge the resettlement program a failure. The director of the Interagency Task Force, Julia Vadala Taft, concedes that the program has been beset by problems but is still "pleased at the progress that has been made so far." The vast majority of placements have been successful, she argues, while the small number of "sponsor-refugee mismatches" is no more than should be expected in a program "of this size and complexity."

At Florida's Eglin Air Force Base, by far the smallest of the camps with only 5,000 refugees, there has been only a 2% breakdown rate, and officials predict that out-processing will be virtually completed by Oct. 1. This is in part because of Eglin's small size but also because it has had very good relations with nearby communities. Surprisingly, the camp's many semiliterate fishermen have been among the fastest to find

REFUGEE BOARDING PLANE AT EL TORO MARINE AIR STATION FOR RETURN TO VIET NAM



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jobs. Says James Chandler, a State Department liaison officer at Eglin: "I thought the fishermen would be the hardest group to place, but there is a demand for them all the way from Florida to Texas." Last week 25 fishermen and their families flew to Port Isabel, Texas, where Isbell Seafood, Inc. will put them on its 21 shrimp boats.

Leaders of the resettlement program are confident that eventually sponsors will be found for all the Vietnamese and that they will adjust as well as the Cubans, the Hungarians and other earlier

refugee waves. Donald MacDonald, a State Department officer at Fort Chaffee, Ark., claims that there is a waiting list of potential sponsors but that the staffs of the volunteer agencies are too small to handle all the work. Says he: "If we could double those staffs, we could double the number of placements."

Fast action is needed. At the refugee center in Indiantown Gap, Pa., all the refugees must be moved out by early fall: the camp is not winterized. Though the other camps are located in warm climates, further delay can only

demoralize the homeless Vietnamese. As TIME Correspondent Marcia Gauger reports from Indiantown Gap: "So far, despite the delays, the overcrowded conditions and the lack of privacy, most of the refugees remain unfailingly optimistic, if uncertain, about the future. They have a great dignity that must help them to endure the degrading circumstances of living in camps on handouts. For a people as proud and resourceful as they have proved to be, this must be a frustration that, if it continues, could become insupportable."



BEFORE PLUNGING INTO THE '76 RACE, THE PRESIDENT DIVES INTO NEW WHITE HOUSE POOL

THE CAMPAIGN

Candidate Ford: Quiet But Eager

Betty Ford was a bit miffed that she had not been invited. So were several dozen irate reporters. There was not even live television or radio coverage of one of the most muted—and one of the earliest—declarations by a U.S. President that he was an active, eager candidate to retain his office. But Gerald Ford wanted to play it that way, conveying the image of just plain Jerry, hard at work and determined. Seated at his desk in the Oval Office, backed by four campaign aides, he read a brief, low-key statement in a firm, confident voice. Said the President: "I intend to conduct an open and aboveboard campaign"—a pledge that would have seemed superfluous in any but a post-Nixon period.

Resting Right. The early announcement was impelled by Ford's desire to secure massive small campaign donations and thus qualify for the \$5 million in federal matching funds allotted each candidate during the presidential primary campaign under the new election-funding laws. The timing also

had another basic intent: to discourage any incipient challenge from the Republicans' restive right wing.

Ford's announcement coincided with fresh reports that former California Governor Ronald Reagan intends to mount such a drive. Reagan's conservative supporters announced formation of a committee to seek his nomination. Headed by Lyn Nofziger, a former Reagan aide and adviser to President Nixon, the group clearly had Reagan's blessing. This did not mean that he had decided to run; it appeared more likely that he wanted to encourage his supporters and be ready to move later this year.

Close aides to Ford expect that Reagan will decide to stay out of the race once he assesses the President's growing popular support. But Ford himself is less certain. A group of California political pros, including a Reagan lieutenant, came away from a recent meeting with Ford carrying the impression that the President expects the former Governor to make a determined bid even if

the odds look heavy against him. In their view, Ford is determined to crush Reagan by rounding up delegates early and dealing roughly with Reagan supporters. Told by the California group that some Reagan aides had been "insulted" by their lack of patronage influence with the Ford Administration, the President sounded unworried about such unrest among Reagan aides. Calmly puffing on his pipe, he observed that he had been a conservative Republican long before Reagan became one. Reagan was still playing second-banana roles in grade-B movies when Ford began pushing conservative principles, a Ford intimate explained unkindly.

No Team. The Ford campaign team is taking public steps to counter the Reagan threat. Howard H. ("Bo") Callaway, the shirtsleeved director of Ford's campaign and former Secretary of the Army under Nixon, told reporters bluntly that Ford is seeking the nomination solely on his own and distinctly apart from his Vice President, Nelson Rockefeller. "The President appointed Rockefeller, he's proud of Rockefeller—but it's not a team," Callaway said. He noted that "a lot of Reagan people are not supporters of Rockefeller," and he did not

THE NATION

want to discourage them from backing Ford. Rocky diplomatically pointed out the obvious—that a Vice President does not campaign for renomination; his fate lies with the whim of the presidential candidate.

Callaway was frank in other ways. He said he intended to watch every legal technicality in the Ford fund raising and campaigning because "I have never yearned to spend two years in Alenwood," a pointed reference to the Pennsylvania prison where some Nixon re-election campaign aides served sentences for various Watergate-related crimes.

The other Ford campaign officials who attended his announcement ceremony have reputations for openness and honesty. The finance chairman is David Packard, former Deputy Secretary of Defense under Nixon and a multimillionaire California industrialist (Hewlett-Packard Co.). The treasurer is Robert C. Moot, Defense Department comptroller in the Nixon Administration. Moot said jokingly that his job will

be to watch Callaway and Packard and "keep 'em both honest." The chairman of Ford's campaign advisory committee, Dean Burch, a former Nixon aide and political counsel to Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, noted that his eyes will be pointed in a different direction: "I'm going to take a long, hard look at that Reagan committee," meaning at the group's observance of campaign laws. Already some friction has developed among presidential aides wanting control of the campaign. Callaway has been told to report to Donald Rumsfeld, Ford's White House chief of staff, rather than to Presidential Counsellor Robert Hartmann, whose duties have included political matters. Hartmann aides are seething.

In Tune. Ford has already indicated some of the issues on which he expects to run. He will stress the rebirth of confidence in the presidency, his advocacy of a strong national defense and his new efforts to combat street crime. Probably most important, he will call for an end to the excesses of big Government, a cru-

sade against bureaucratic delay and overregulation of business, big and small. (Ford last week called in the heads of the regulatory agencies and urged them to cut away as much red tape and limitations on private enterprise as they could.) At week's end Ford traveled to Illinois and Michigan, trying out these incipient campaign chords. Again and again, he drew enthusiastic applause with variants on recent catch lines: "A Government big enough to give you everything you want is a Government big enough to take from you everything you have." And "We will cut out this unnecessary red tape now plaguing our citizens. After all, Government was intended to help us in the pursuit of happiness—not to set up obstacles."

It is Ford's deep belief, buttressed by his private pools, that he is in tune with a new national mood of conservatism. If the economy recovers as expected, and no foreign crisis intervenes, he will be an elusive target for all those yearning Democrats who have announced their own candidacy.

Young Critic in Residence



JACK FORD ABOARD AIR FORCE ONE

The young aide to the President does not hesitate to quarrel with the Chief Executive when their views on the environment clash. "He's on pretty thin ice sometimes," says Jack Ford, 23, the ardent skier and mountain climber. "But I guess I'm too critical."

The President's robustly handsome second eldest son is undergoing an introductory crash course in policymaking at the White House, where he took up residence in the family quarters last month. Beginning this week with a trip to California, Jack will start to work

on the hustings as a full-time campaign aide. Among other duties, Jack will help line up delegates pledged to his father, probably concentrating on young newcomers to convention politics. The question of a salary is still a minor economic issue in the simon-pure campaign that Ford is determined to run. "I'll work from now until the election—if I last," he told *TIME* Correspondent Bonnie Angelo. But he concedes that the more he sees of politics the less he wants to get into it as a full-time career, though he calls himself "by far the most politicized" of the four Ford children.

Jack sits in on meetings of the White House senior staff, attends conferences with congressional groups, and joins smaller sessions with his father and one or two key advisers. He listens intently, sometimes takes notes, but never speaks out. Of the White House staff, he says: "I know who the charmers are—and the hard-asses too." Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld has instructed Jack about the many steps that go into White House decision making. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, has given him brisk tutorials on the state of the economy, talks that Jack has particularly relished.

The issue that most excites him is the environment. With a B.S. in forestry from Utah State and a three-month stint behind him as a ranger in Yellowstone National Park, Jack speaks forcefully and knowledgeably on environmental issues. But he does so mostly in private with the President. Of Dad's veto

of the strip-mining bill that would have placed tough restrictions on mining companies, Jack says only: "He took a little different approach to it than I did."

At day's end father and son often settle down in the private study off the Oval Office and discuss everything from matters of state to whether or not to breed the family's female golden retriever, Liberty. (The decision: the dog has been flown to Oregon to be bred with a record-holding stud.) Properly minimizing his influence, Jack sums up his role with typical Ford realism and restraint: "All I can do is open up ideas to him, and maybe have an effect that way."

Jack is in a better position to do just that in part because he is the only one of the children living with the President just now. Brother Michael, 25, who is working toward his doctorate in theology, lives with his wife Gayle in Essex, Mass.; Brother Steve, 19, is studying grizzly bears in the West before entering Utah State this fall.

Living at the White House has its advantages. For instance, Bianca Jagger dropped by recently for a casual visit with Jack and to have a look at the place. But Jack would like to find an apartment of his own in Washington because "I just do not like living in the White House. You're almost not allowed to hurt yourself, to make mistakes." But he hesitates to move out because Sister Susan, 18, is away for several weeks, interning as a staff photographer on the *Topeka State Journal* and *Daily Capital*. Says Jack of his parents: "I had never realized until they called me [at school] one Saturday night recently. I could tell that the loneliness of this house overwhelmed them. They needed somebody to talk to."

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Cal and the New Conservatism

Calvin Coolidge, the champion of small spending and small Government, is the warmed-over toast of Washington's summer season. At dinner parties, his pithy sayings ("The business of America is business") are served up as wisdom for this time. Around July 4, television and newspaper commentators noted rather affectionately that it was Cal's birthday (1872) and we might well take a lesson from his penny-pinching. That is quite a comeback for a man whose previous pinnacle of acclaim came when Writer Dorothy Parker, on being told he was dead, asked: "How can they tell?"

What brings Coolidge to mind on these hot days is the rhetoric echoing in the White House, the Congress, state capitals and city halls. In more ways than one, it has a "Calvinistic" ring. Many of the most enthusiastic practitioners of the new parsimony are what we used to call liberals. California's Governor Jerry Brown is, like Coolidge, applauded for his verbal brevity and his fiscal austerity; Brown deprived state employees of their government-issue briefcases (to cut both expenses and paperwork) and suggested that the University of California administrators take pay cuts. Illinois' Governor Dan Walker notes with pride that he has trimmed the state payroll by 5,000, and his big pitch is on the need to live within one's means. Massachusetts' Governor Michael Dukakis rides the trolley-subway to work and has a vegetable garden in his front yard to help combat inflation; he has also impounded funds, slashed programs and suggested that anybody on welfare who is able to work

had better get busy. All three of these men ran for office as Democrats and liberals.

The recession forced many traditional liberals to grope their way down the unfamiliar path of restraint. But the trip may not be just temporary. President Ford's popularity is rising in part because he vetoed bills that were perceived by the people as congressional grab bags. New York City is viewed in Washington as a classic example of ambitious social spending gone too far, of a liberal-dominated polity gorging itself on promises that could not be fulfilled. More broadly, that organ of liberal theory the *New Republic* warned in an editorial that the growing "fear of big government, intervening government" could undermine all traditional liberal goals. Even on the soft ground of college campuses, a rousing denunciation of the Government as a vague, overbearing menace brings many kids to their feet the way a Viet Cong flag used to.

To conservatives, the spectacle of liberals scrambling onto the high, flinty ground of frugality is more than just amusing. "They are catching up with the country," says

Conservative Columnist George Will, who did his bit to elevate the public consciousness of the Coolidge era by noting that under Cal, ice cream production in the United States went up 45%.

A few critics on both the right and left have long-sustained doubts about "throwing money" at problems, as epitomized in parts of Lyndon Johnson's massive Great Society. Even Richard Goodwin, L.B.J.'s intellectual, observed recently that Government departments could no longer cope in the real world because they had never been forced to survive within the free enterprise system.

Joseph Califano, who confessed much of Johnson's domestic legislation, sees as the fundamental change that the great American economic pie has, temporarily at least, ceased growing. Almost every year since World War II, the economy expanded prodigiously, and there seemed to be enough for everyone. But alas, says Califano, in a slow-growing economy, this country faces the prospect of satisfying new demands from one segment of society by taking away from others. That is terribly close to redistributing the wealth, something that the champions of liberal spending have talked about but never faced before in such stark reality. A lot of them are now finding cuts in Government more appealing than raises in taxes.

The political debate of the 1976 election will center on whether the Government should shoulder yet more of the burdens or should concentrate on enlarging individual responsibilities. Jerry Ford has no doubts about his side in the debate. He sounds as if he had found an old Coolidge text in a White House closet. "What we need in this country is not a New Deal but a fresh start. What we need is not more federal control, but the adventure of personal achievement..."



PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Advance and Retreat

In its clash with Congress over the conduct of foreign policy, the Ford Administration has achieved one tentative advance and suffered one major setback.

TURKEY. The Administration's drive to resume U.S. military sales to Turkey, backed in the Senate by a one-vote margin last May, picked up momentum in the House. This came after Secretary of State Henry Kissinger pleaded his case to 125 members over cocktails and President Ford discussed the matter with 140 Representatives at breakfast. Ford endorsed a compromise bill offered by Pennsylvania Democrat Thomas E. Morgan. Rather than full resumption of aid, as Kissinger urged, the bill would allow Turkey to receive \$51 million worth of military equipment for which it has already paid, and buy another \$133 million worth of arms. Ford, in return, would have to report to Congress every 60 days on the progress in achieving a settlement between Greece and Turkey over Cyprus.

Ford called the compromise "a fair and equitable solution," but anti-aid, pro-Greece Congressmen remained bitterly opposed. Indiana Democrat John Brademas charged that approval by the House would amount to "capitulating to a form of blackmail of the U.S. Government." Turkey has threatened to close U.S. military bases if aid is not resumed this week. The Administration insisted that lifting the embargo is the only way to create a negotiating climate in which the U.S. can help achieve a Cyprus settlement. Turkey has indicated that it will not enter serious negotiations so long as it is under pressure from the U.S. on arms aid.

The chances for House approval of the compromise look good, though the vote, expected next week, may be close. Even so, the U.S. could lose some of its two dozen Turkey bases.

PANAMA. Kissinger has long urged that the U.S. give up absolute control of the Panama Canal and the ten-mile-wide Canal Zone, a quasi-U.S. colony created under a 1903 treaty. But a flag-waving lobby in Congress has stubbornly opposed renegotiation of the 19th century-style arrangement. Two weeks ago, in a move that shocked the Administration as unprecedented and possibly unconstitutional, the House voted to withhold any appropriations to pay for negotiations.

The Administration hopes the Senate will kill the measure; if it does not, a veto is likely. But one-third of the Senate has endorsed a resolution opposing changes in the Panama treaty. Since the Senate has to approve all treaties by a two-thirds majority, the Administration faces hard times in advancing toward what Kissinger described to the Panamanians as "a new and more modern relationship between our two countries."



DESTROYED EGYPTIAN ARMOR IN MITLA PASS



GROMYKO WELCOMES KISSINGER TO SOVIET EMBASSY IN GENEVA

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Close to the Call in a Giant Poker Game

Nine months of laborious negotiations over a second-stage disengagement in Sinai have taught Egypt, Israel and U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger one lesson. Gone is the euphoric mood of "guarded optimism" that surrounded negotiations at the outset and fathered fruitless hopes that a settlement was imminent. Last week as the talks intensified once again, the participants took extraordinary pains to deny rumors that the deal so long hoped for had been reached.

In Alexandria, after a visit to the summer home of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, Editor William Randolph Hearst Jr. and Correspondent Kingsbury Smith reported Sadat as saying that "the basic terms for a Sinai settlement have been worked out." Egyptian officials quickly declared that Sadat had been misquoted, and the offending sentence did not appear in local accounts of the Hearst interview. Kissinger, as he left Washington for a European trip that included talks with Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin, maintained that "we are not anywhere near the point of agreement." Rabin, en route to West Germany on an official visit (see following story), cautioned strongly against speculation. "There are no deadlines, no dramatic events," he said.

One Key Fact. All three principals, however, would probably agree on one key fact: the Sinai talks were indeed closer to a make-or-break point than ever before. Both Egypt and Israel were anxious to reach an accord, although even small details in dispute could stall any

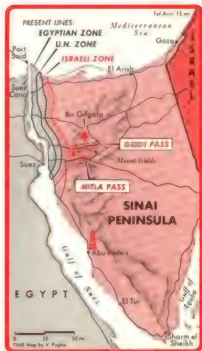
agreement. But with two weeks remaining before the expiration of the latest mandate for United Nations peace-keeping troops in Sinai, there was still time for additional "clarification"—or for more hands to be played in what one Israeli diplomat called "a giant poker game with stupendous stakes."

The biggest problem outstanding, as Rabin and Kissinger met at week's end at Schloss Garmisch, a guesthouse outside Bonn where Rabin had been installed by his West German hosts, was control of the Sinai passes. Egypt has insisted all along that Israel must completely withdraw from the Mitla and Giddi passes (see map), the most strategic points on the peninsula. Israel has similarly insisted, for internal politics as much as for anything else, that its defense requires a military presence in the passes. Jerusalem suggested a partial pullout and electronic surveillance on either side, a proposal Sadat rejected. The agreement being hammered out last week would allow Israeli troops to remain in brigade strength on the eastern rim of the passes; thus both sides could argue that their conditions had been met. At issue was where on the slopes of the passes the Solomonian lines should be drawn between the Israeli brigades and the U.N. forces that would hold the passes as a demilitarized zone.

Other points had been largely settled during President Ford's summit talks with Sadat at Salzburg, the Ford-Rabin meeting last month, and a series of exchanges between Kissinger and Rabin that have been under way since then,

with Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz as the somewhat fatigued courier. These points include:

TIMING. Israel had insisted on a long-term, step-by-step agreement, ideally eight years, minimally three. Sadat held out for short-term extensions of the





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U.N. mandate, which came into being with the first-stage disengagement agreement after the October War. At Salzburg he was persuaded by Ford to accept a series of one-year extensions that add up to three years.

THE OILFIELDS. Besides withdrawing from the passes, Israel will turn back to Egypt the Abu Rudeis oilfields; since being captured in the Six-Day War, they have furnished 50% of Israel's domestic petroleum requirements. Egypt will resume operation of the fields, acquiring access to them over an Egyptian-controlled highway along the Gulf of Suez coast. Israel will service its troops remaining in the area by means of a parallel road. In places where the two roads come close to each other, Israel will build detours in order to avoid incidents. The U.S., meanwhile, will guarantee Israel alternative oil supplies.

AID. Israel had requested \$2.5 billion in military and economic aid from the U.S. in the current fiscal year. That request has been blocked since the shuttle ended in March because of Ford's

"reassessment" of U.S. Middle East policy. A "substantial" amount of the request—about \$2 billion—will now be forthcoming. This will include sophisticated F-15 fighters and surface-to-surface Lance missiles. Egypt will receive an estimated \$300 million in U.S. aid to ease its domestic financial strains.

DIPLOMACY. Though Cairo will be allowed to insist otherwise for the sake of its relations with Arab allies, Kissinger has assured Israel that no "linkage" will be required between the Sinai negotiations and major movement on the Golan Heights and on the future of the West Bank. Washington will continue its refusal to recognize the Palestine Liberation Organization until the P.L.O. accepts Israel's right to exist and stops terrorist acts like the bomb blast in Jerusalem two weeks ago that killed 14 people. (In revenge, Israeli forces last week attacked Palestinian camps in southern Lebanon, killing at least eleven people.) The U.S. will consult with Israel before making new peace proposals for the region.

PROPAGANDA. Cairo will tone down anti-Israeli propaganda, and will search for loopholes to permit investment in Egypt by foreign firms that are on the Arab League boycott list for dealings with Israel. Israeli cargoes, but not ships, will be allowed to pass through the Suez Canal. The U.S., meanwhile, will try to block anti-Israeli moves in the United Nations General Assembly and UNESCO.

Some of these points had been agreed on, in principle at least, before Kissinger's shuttle flights between Jerusalem and Cairo were grounded by deadlock. But political changes since that time have helped nudge the principals closer on remaining issues. One change is that Rabin's government, too weak in the spring to risk a final yes to Egypt and survive criticism at home, is stronger now. Ironically, the principal reason for its strength is public approval of Rabin's earlier decision to say no to Kissinger because Israel was not completely satisfied with the terms.

A more significant change in the sit-

Rabin: 'Egypt Has to Behave'

Both before and after his Saturday meeting in Bonn with Henry Kissinger, Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin discussed the current state of Middle East negotiations with TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schecter and Reporter David Halevy. Excerpts from the interviews:

ON THE SINAI PASSES

I do not want to be specific, but the question is to what extent Israel will be able to maintain its defense line. This line has to be the kind that would allow Israel—if two, three, four or five years from now no overall agreement is reached—to make sure that military threats as a backing for extreme political demands on the part of Egypt are not such a threat to Israel that we will be forced to do something we do not want to do politically.

ON THE ABU RUDEIS OILFIELDS

Oil is not blood and so we have not made this issue a make or break issue for an interim agreement.

ON AN AMERICAN PRESENCE

I believe that no one can do it better in terms of warning stations for Israel than Israelis and for Egypt than Egyptians. If Egypt will not agree to that then it raises a question as to what the Egyptian intentions are.

ON AGREEMENT WITH EGYPT

An interim agreement by no means should give the feeling that under the threats of war and oil embargo, the U.S. can put pressure on Israel to accept all that the Egyptians want. That would only be an invitation for increased blackmail. The way to cope with it is to

show Egypt that [it] cannot achieve everything it wants.

ON NEGOTIATIONS WITH SYRIA

I doubt [that] it is possible to achieve another interim agreement with Syria because geography and topography do not allow the kind of maneuverability we have in the Sinai. However, if efforts at an interim accord with Syria fail, it should not affect the behavior of Egypt. Cairo should be bound regardless of what happens between Israel and Syria. If an interim agreement with Syria is not reached, it should not prompt the U.S. to begin any new reassessment of the Middle East situation.

ON RELATIONS WITH JORDAN

I doubt there is any possibility of an interim agreement with Jordan within the context of its demand for an Israeli

ISRAEL'S YITZHAK RABIN



withdrawal five to six miles all along the Jordan River.

ON THE ROLE OF THE U.S.

The U.S. takes upon itself not only the glory that may be achieved but also the responsibility for the maintenance of the agreement. I'm not saying the U.S. has to be in Egypt or Israel. But I am speaking of the moral, political and practical responsibility. Let's not belittle the positive role of the U.S. and the responsibility it puts on the U.S.

ON THE PALESTINIANS

The so-called Palestine Liberation Organization is not going to be a partner for negotiations with Israel. I clearly distinguish between the Palestinian issue and the so-called P.L.O. We have to cope with the issue; we have to find a solution for it. I believe it has to be found within the context of a peace agreement between Jordan and Israel.

ON THE AFTERMATH OF AN ACCORD

I expect a relaxed period of several years—no pressure, no threats. An accord has to give some years of relative tranquility. After that, seeing what will happen in Egypt and other parts of the Arab world, we will be ready to negotiate in a very detailed and prolonged way on the elements of an overall agreement. But whatever may happen in these talks about an overall agreement—especially if they do not succeed or if they come to a deadlock—Egypt has to behave in accordance with the interim agreement.

ON THE TEMPO OF THE TALKS

Don't expect any miracle in the next week, or two weeks, or even three weeks. It is still a long process. For one thing, Israel will not enter into any agreement unless all of the commitments of the past disengagement are carried out.

THE WORLD

uation, however, was the shift in the U.S. role in negotiations after March. Instead of being simply a mediator, Washington became what Israeli Foreign Minister Yigal Allon last week described as "the third side of a triangle." The U.S. turned active participant, for instance, by promising aid to either side in return for compromise and by guaranteeing oil to Israel. Still undecided at week's end was whether Washington would play an even more central role. Cairo had proposed that U.S. technicians take over operation of the Israeli electronic monitoring posts above the passes. Israel was against the idea but open to argument.

Kissinger may be reluctant because the presence of U.S. troops would require congressional approval—and that, at the present time, Kissinger cannot guarantee. He is still far from popular with Congress, even though he can properly claim much of the credit for getting the disengagement talks back on the track after the shuttle talks broke down. He sensed that step-by-step talks were still the best route to disengagement. Rabin admitted last week: "Sadat and I both consider that the U.S. is the only power that can build the necessary bridgeheads." Thus the Secretary of State carefully orchestrated new discussions, leading up to Salzburg and Rabin's Washington talks.

Geneva Specter. At the same time, however, Kissinger provided pressure where needed, particularly on Israel, which he considered primarily responsible for the breakdown. The U.S. policy reassessment was ordered and aid halted until the re-examination was completed. Kissinger even invoked the specter of the U.S. leading the way to a Geneva conference it really did not want, proposing border changes that Israel at least was not keen on. He knew that neither Egypt nor Israel wanted that route because it would bring the Soviets, other Arab nations and the P.L.O. into the discussions, broadening and complicating what seemed to be a comparatively simple Sinai negotiation. The Russians did not press Kissinger for a return to Geneva. Last week Kissinger met with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in that city, primarily to discuss nuclear disarmament. On the Middle East, Gromyko indicated that the Soviets would not impede Kissinger's negotiations—provided that all parties agreed to return to Geneva for formal ratification of any pact.

If all the nagging, last-minute complications can be worked out, the results will be worth the work. Three years of disengagement will allow Israel to get through a general election scheduled for December 1977 and Egypt to improve its sagging economy. The only danger will be if any of the sides of the triangle forget that Sinai is still only a beginning and not an end. Too many other negotiations remain before the Middle East can be considered truly at peace.

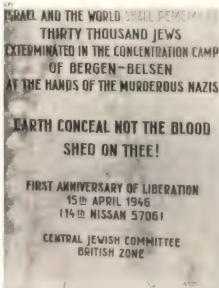
Heir to the Holocaust

"It is so green that it is making me angry."

Yitzhak Rabin's comment was uncharacteristically bitter and probably undiplomatic. On the first stop of the first official visit by an Israeli Premier to West Germany, Rabin walked past neatly tended mass graves at the site of the notorious Bergen-Belsen concentration camp near Hannover, where an estimated 30,000 Jews died during the years of Nazi terror. While his German-born wife Leah, who fled the country as a child, looked on, Rabin recited the Kaddish, the traditional Hebrew prayer for the dead. The Premier also laid a wreath of blue and white carnations

hopeful future. Yet even that future is unsettled, mainly because the relationship between Tel Aviv and Bonn appears to be changing. No European nation has closer ties with Israel than does the Federal Republic, which long ago established a "special relationship" with the Jewish state. In compensation for the horrors of the Holocaust, the West German government has paid reparations to Jews of more than \$20 billion, including \$800 million to Israel itself. Recently Bonn took the lead in Common Market deliberations that led to tariff preferences on such Israeli products as oranges, chemicals and electrical products.

These days, however, German diplomats are inclined to describe their ties



RABIN STUDYING PLAQUE HONORING JEWISH VICTIMS AT BERGEN-BESEN
Seeking to link a doleful past with a hopeful future.

—the national colors of Israel—at the foot of a memorial plaque.

Before leaving Tel Aviv, Rabin told newsmen that he was undertaking the West German visit "with mixed feelings as a Jew and as an Israeli." A Sabra who was born in 1922 on a farm near Jerusalem, Rabin nonetheless still counts himself "an heir to the Holocaust." As if to emphasize that point, his next stop after Bergen-Belsen was West Berlin, where he paid a visit to the city's Jewish Community Center. It stands on the site of what was once Berlin's Central Synagogue. All that remains of the original building is a chunk of wall. The rest was destroyed on the notorious "Crystal Night" of Nov. 9, 1938, when storm troopers savagely wrecked Jewish homes, synagogues and plate-glass ("crystal") shop windows. Before the war, 175,000 Jews lived in Berlin, but only 6,000 remain there today (with 27,000 in all of West Germany).

Rabin's aim on his five-day visit was to link this doleful past with a more

with Israel not as "a special relationship" but as a more balanced "normal relationship with a special character." The change was undoubtedly speeded by the 1973 oil embargo and consequent fuel shortages in Europe, but it was inevitable as time passed. Younger Germans in particular are loath to shoulder continuing blame for outrages that occurred before they were born.

In one way, however, the special character of the relationship should continue to prove helpful to Israel. Rabin and Chancellor Helmut Schmidt reached no dramatic decisions in their conversations last week. Much of their time together was spent reviewing the Middle East situation, with Schmidt pressing Rabin to accept concessions that would lead to peace. In private conversations, however, West German officials indicated at least obliquely that if another Middle East war occurred and Israel needed European landing rights for planes bringing supplies from the U.S., this would be no problem.

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he named them "COWS."

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Try them on-the-rocks or chilled. You'll discover one thing for sure:

A Cow-on-the-rocks is not a bum steer.



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Basic oxygen furnaces are one of the most efficient steelmaking systems in the world. But BOFs generate tremendous quantities of dust-laden gases.

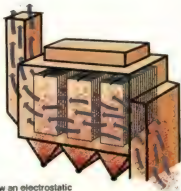
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How an electrostatic precipitator works

Dust particles are collected by passing dust-laden gas between negative electrodes and grounded metal collecting plates. The dust, which has been charged by negative electrical charges emitted from the electrode, is attracted to and retained at the positive collecting surface. From time to time an automatic rapping system knocks the accumulated dust into storage hoppers.

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Bethlehem



LEBANON

Wrong Place and Time

"My Government and people should not abandon me because of my color and my race," implored the strained voice on a tape recording delivered to the American embassy in Beirut late last week. U.S. officials in the Lebanese capital quickly confirmed that the voice was that of a black U.S. Army officer, Colonel Ernest R. Morgan, 43, who had been kidnapped by terrorists on June 29.

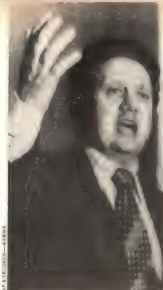
Unexpected Help. Believed to be ultraleftist members of the Palestinian guerrilla movement, the kidnappers threatened that Morgan would be murdered unless the U.S. provided sizable food, clothing and construction aid for al Masiakh (Arabic for Slaughterhouse), a slum section of Beirut that was seriously damaged during the recent factional fighting. At week's end a private Lebanese committee began distributing free food in the slum. Two hours before a deadline expired, Morgan was released unharmed.

The unlucky colonel apparently was a man in the wrong place at the wrong time. A 23-year veteran of military service, he had a one-day transit stopover in Beirut while en route from a conference in Pakistan to Ankara, where he serves on the U.S.-Turkish joint military mission. Wearing civilian clothes, he was in a Beirut taxi when armed terrorists halted the car and seized him. Lebanese authorities searched for Morgan and his captors throughout the strife-torn country in vain.

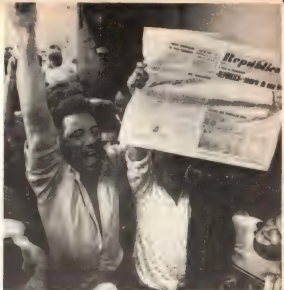
The hunt for Morgan had received some help from an unexpected quarter: Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization. The P.L.O. may have felt that the murder of Morgan could undermine Arafat's efforts to portray the Palestinians as responsible members of the world community.



MORGAN AFTER RELEASE
Two hours remained.



SOCIALIST LEADER SOARES & JUBILANT COMMUNIST PRINTERS



PORTUGAL

A Big Step to the Left

The extreme left-wing forces seemed to be gaining the upper hand in Portugal last week. To some stunned politicians, it seemed that the tension-racked nation had taken a giant step toward becoming a dictatorship of the proletariat. "We have left even Albania on our right," wailed one moderate party official in Lisbon. "The Armed Forces [Movement] has approved 1917-style soviets for Portugal," said another.

Both men were referring to a radical new political blueprint for Portugal that had been approved by the 240-member Armed Forces General Assembly after 18 hours of deliberation. In essence, the program would give power to the people through local revolutionary councils. To some, the establishment of the plan looked like a Communist-inspired attempt to bypass the popularly elected Constituent Assembly, in which the moderate forces have a majority. Portugal's outraged Socialist leader, Mario Soares—perhaps the country's best hope for Socialism with a human face—resigned from the government, in which he served as Minister Without Portfolio, declaring that his party "will never accept a dictatorship." Officially, Soares resigned to protest the fact that the government had refused to give back to the Socialists their Lisbon daily *República*, which last week resumed publication under radical workers' control. In fact, he resigned because of the program.

The M.F.A.'s new—and exceedingly fuzzy—plan calls for a government built on a pyramid of local worker and neighborhood commissions and popular assemblies, organized at grass-roots levels and culminating at some indistinct point in an undefined "popular assembly." Under this system, there would no

longer be a need for contending political parties. At the same time, the secret ballot would be abolished, and the elected Constituent Assembly, which is supposed to represent the voters, would be made impotent. All of the so-called people's assemblies would be fostered and directed by the military, and would be encouraged to create "people's courts" to deal with "political crimes" and "economic saboteurs."

Similarity to Soviets. The Communists and other extreme left-wing parties endorsed the program. Communist Party Boss Alvaro Cunhal has made similar proposals in his writings; moreover, the new councils bear a certain resemblance to the workers' soviets that were established by the Bolsheviks during Russia's 1917 Revolution. Most other Portuguese politicians denounced the plan as a recipe for a new era of tyranny. "We are absolutely against it," said Dr. Freitas do Amaral, head of the Center Social Democrats. "It will be used to give power to minority groups who could not win power through legal elections. It will kill democracy. It will [also] kill the Armed Forces Movement. The M.F.A. will be dissolved like sugar in water because it will not be able to control the system."

At week's end the government announced that it had accepted Soares' resignation; a communiqué was issued complaining about the Socialists' "negative attitude." But Soares was obviously not ready to give up. Relying on the confusion and division within the M.F.A., the Socialist leader called on his followers last week to press for abandonment of the new plan. Said Soares: "It is time the Armed Forces Movement decides if it wants to govern with the backing of the Communist minor-

THE WORLD

ity or with the Socialist majority."

As Soares spoke, the Communists were already mobilizing their considerable strength in the country to reinforce their victory. Through their controlled labor confederation Interindustrial, the Communists called for a giant demonstration to honor "the progressive officers of the movement." Workers' committees in factories and shipyards declared their support. At the same time, the Communists, along with the radical left-wing parties, also launched a campaign to dissolve the Constituent Assembly, in which they hold only 30 of 247 seats.

Growing Like Mushrooms. Actually, the new program would only institutionalize something that has been happening in the country since the revolution began. The Portuguese Democratic Movement (M.D.P.), a Communist-front party, as well as other radical left-wing groups, has been busy organizing neighborhood committees and workers' commissions on its own. M.D.P. members have manned roadblocks, taken over factories, occupied land, arrested "economic saboteurs" at gunpoint, cleared land, staged propaganda plays and, of course, talked ceaselessly of themselves over television. In an interview recently, Marcos Antunes, a member of the M.D.P.'s Central Committee, explained how his party had "purged the local governments and helped the neighborhoods to organize." He said it was impossible to know how many such popular assemblies and workers' commissions of all political stripes had sprung up across the country, though, he added, "they grow like mushrooms." Indeed they do. In addition to having taken over the Socialist newspaper *República*, the radicals still occupy the Catholic radio station in Lisbon. Increasingly, they dominate businesses and in some cases they are running factories completely on their own.

To observers in Lisbon, it looked ominously as if the Communists might succeed in winning their final battle with the Socialists. Force is on their side. Populist General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, who controls the balance of power with the weight of the tanks and soldiers he commands, is known to favor the radicals. As for President Costa Gomes, "his position is unclear," a Socialist charged. "He is weak."

Despite the odds against him, Soares insists that his cause is not hopeless. As he keeps warning, the country is slowly going broke. Unemployment is rampant. Foreign and local investment has dried up in alarming fashion since wholesale nationalization of industry began. Opposition to the military's confused regime is increasingly evident in the countryside. If the April elections proved anything, it was that the vast majority of Portuguese desperately desire orderly democratic government. Nonetheless, that hope has now been seriously dimmed.

ARGENTINA

On the Verge of Anarchy

The government treasury is scraping bottom. In Buenos Aires, queues of shoppers express shock and anger at what seem to be almost daily rises in the price of necessities. There seems no end to the wave of political murders by left- and right-wing guerrillas that have claimed nearly 600 lives during the past year. In short, Argentina today is a nation on the verge of anarchy. For a month, wildcat strikes paralyzed the country—a response to vain attempts by President Isabel Perón to force financial austerity upon a wilful urban work force. In fact, Mrs. Perón and a small

ignition of López Rega's public positions meant his total eclipse or whether he would continue to exert his influence over the President unofficially. A former police corporal and an astrological mystic, he became private secretary first to Juan Perón, then after *el Líder's* death to Isabel. As Minister of Social Welfare, for the past two months he had tried to replace Peronism with "López Regism," the name his critics gave to a program of staunch fiscal conservatism aimed at reviving a national economy devastated by decades of price controls and massive inflation-fueling pay hikes



ISABEL PERÓN & LÓPEZ REGA (RIGHT) IN BUENOS AIRES
Farewell to a latter-day Rasputin and "sorcerer."

clique of advisers known as "the Family" have been unable or unwilling to do anything but make things worse.

Last week the erosion of Mrs. Perón's power accelerated. After a 38-hour general strike and the resignation of her entire Cabinet, she was forced to accept some disastrous inflationary wage increases that will push Argentina's wobbling economy still closer to bankruptcy. The question of whether she could continue to rule seemed to come down to one issue: Would she heed the demands of the military, labor and old-line Peronist politicians and rid herself of her powerful and despised adviser, José López Rega. At week's end she accepted his resignation from his twin posts as Minister of Social Welfare and as her personal secretary. There were rumors that López Rega might have to face criminal charges dealing with his suspected connection with a right-wing terrorist group.

It was not yet clear whether the res-

wangled by the Peronist-run labor unions. The artificially low prices, especially in the agricultural sector, have triggered drastic cutbacks in production and in surpluses for export sales. In June, López Rega's hand-picked economy minister, Celestino Rodrigo, devalued the peso by 50% and decontrolled prices. Inflation soared to a rate of more than 100% annually.

Worst Insult. The initial government plan was to hold wage increases down to roughly 38% while the economy got back into line. But Mrs. Perón herself blundered badly. First she allowed a round of wage bargaining in June to go ahead as if there were no emergency. Workers in the 3 million-member General Confederation of Labor thereupon won increases of as much as 145%. When the government tried to roll these back to an immediate 50% ceiling, with later increases to total 30%, more chaos set in.

Labor Minister Ricardo Otero, 53,

a loyal union man, resigned in protest. Wildcat strikes crippled major industrial centers and 50,000 workers demonstrated in Buenos Aires' Plaza de Mayo. Ostensibly they were in support of Mrs. Perón, but actually they were out to get López Rega; placards denounced him as "son of a whore"—the Spanish language's worst insult—and "sorcerer."

The workers offered Mrs. Perón an out: dump López Rega and come to terms. Increasingly overwrought and emotional, she initially refused and bound herself to his austerity policy. That alienated orthodox members of the ruling coalition, Perón's Justicialist Liberation Front, and brought the armed forces, which have seized power from elected governments three times in the past 20 years, closer to center stage. Admiral Emilio Massera, head of the navy, told Mrs. Perón in López Rega's presence that her adviser had to go. Finally, leaders of the C.G.T. ordered the general strike that brought the country to a virtual standstill for two days.

At that, the rest of Mrs. Perón's eight-man Cabinet—including López Rega—offered its resignation. Ultimately she gave in on the wage issue. The government would respect wage agreements that had already been signed, while unions that had not reached a settlement would have until next week to do so. Three days later she accepted López Rega's resignation.

Power Vacuum. The crisis clearly has not ended, either for Argentina or for its beleaguered President. In Córdoba, left-wing guerrillas, who had remained aloof during the earlier maneuvering, launched a bomb and grenade attack. Police with armored-car support were called out, and a firefight lasted for two hours. In Buenos Aires, the Argentine legislature raced to fill a power vacuum—just in case the military decided to cut proceedings short. They voted to fill the vacant post of Senate president pro tem—at the moment, the next in line for the presidency—with Orthodox Peronist Italo Luder. That cut off Raúl Lastiri, López Rega's son-in-law and president of the Chamber of Deputies, who had hoped to retain the No. 2 ranking. The message to Isabel was clear: there can be Peronism without a Perón, but not vice versa.

In the long run, the bizarre power struggle has done nothing to solve Argentina's fundamental problems. The enormous new wage settlements that Mrs. Perón has agreed to are well beyond the ability of the government—or of many private firms—to pay. The country is close to broke. Its operating deficit is now estimated at \$5 billion. Foreign-exchange reserves stand at only \$750 million, while Argentina must pay \$2 billion in debt service charges this year alone. As a result of Mrs. Perón's capitulation, domestic inflation began sprinting toward 200% annually. The choices facing Argentina now appear likely to be grimmer than before.

SOMALIA

The Russians on Africa's Horn

Outside of Eastern Europe, perhaps the Soviet Union's most notable satellite in the world today is the African republic of Somalia. A drought-stricken country of 3 million people, which achieved independence in 1960, Somalia has a 1,700-mile coastline on the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean, hard by the shipping lanes over which oil from the Persian Gulf is carried to Western Europe and the U.S.

Testifying before Congress recently, U.S. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger disclosed that the Soviets were building an important missile facility at the Somali port of Berbera. Although Schlesinger backed up his charge by releasing U.S. reconnaissance photos of the Berbera buildup, the Somali government denied the accusation and invited U.S. Congressmen to see for themselves. Last week, after a trip to Berbera, Oklahoma Republican Senator Dewey Bartlett concluded that Schlesinger's facts were essentially correct. Among those who accompanied Bartlett to Somalia was TIME's Nairobi bureau chief Lee Griggs. His report:

The missile installations at Berbera are only the tip of the Soviet iceberg on the hot horn of Africa. Over the past several years, the Russians have transformed Somalia's 17,000-man armed forces into some of the strongest on the continent. Of the 3,000 or so Russians in Somalia today, fully 1,400 are assigned to the army and air force. The Somali army, less than half the size of neighboring Ethiopia's, now has far superior firepower—and the largest tank force south of the Sahara. The air force boasts a squadron of Ilyushin-28 bombers and at least 50 MIGs, including seven MIG-21s that were presented to Somalia

by Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny when he visited the country last year. All top officers of Somalia's highly efficient National Security Service have been trained by the KGB.

The most important aspect of the Soviet presence, however, is the missile facility now under construction at Berbera—a project that the Somalis as well as the Soviets have steadfastly denied. To be sure, Berbera has no silos or concrete launching pads for ballistic missiles. But it will definitely have major installations designed to maintain, arm and fuel ship-to-ship missiles with a range of 30 miles. It will also be capable of handling mobile ground-to-air missiles. Among the facilities under construction: three 1,000-ft.-long bunkers for storing missiles, a center for arming Soviet ship-to-ship missiles (something that cannot be done at sea), huge fuel storage facilities,



AID FOR DROUGHT VICTIMS UNLOADED FROM SOVIET PLANE BY SOMALI SOLDIERS



THE WORLD

a 13,000-ft.-long runway and two Soviet-manned radio installations. Most of the work has taken place since Podgorny's visit a year ago.

Both the Somalis and the Russians at Berbera appeared surprised last week by the zeal of Senator Bartlett and the Pentagon specialists who accompanied him. After landing in 110° heat on a bumpy dirt runway, they set off immediately to inspect the area. A U.S. technician scrambled atop one of nine newly built fuel-storage tanks and whipped out binoculars for a better view. Another sifted through refuse in a men's room at the port, looking for Soviet cigarette butts. The Russians at Berbera, of whom there may be as many as 1,000, were obviously under instructions to keep out of sight during the Americans' visit. One Russian at what was apparently a radio tower hid his head in a towel when he spotted an American staring at him. One of the Senator's aides opened the door of a housing trailer and found six startled Russians inside. More to the point, a gray crate that bore Cyrillic letters was identified by a Russian-speaking U.S. technician as "having to do with a missile operation."

No Americans. The Bartlett party, which made occasional rest stops to gulp Gatorade, quickly learned that the Russians were not enthusiastic about the visit. When the Senator approached a barracks ship housing at least 200 Russians, a Soviet sailor refused to let him aboard. Later the party was barred from visiting the two radio stations. Explained Colonel Ahmed Suleiman, head of the security service: "Please understand that if it were up to me, I would let you in. But the Russians say, 'No Americans,' and the facility was built with their money." In the meantime, a U.S. technician was surveying the clusters of rhombic antennas and generators. "Long-range, multidirectional stuff," he noted. "Real fancy, very efficient by its appearance."

Bartlett was allowed to enter the main building with four American technicians, but newsmen were not admitted. "No doubt about it," the Senator said when he came out 20 minutes later. "It's a missile-handling facility, complete with derricks and tracks for easy movement. We were told that we wouldn't be allowed to ask questions, and they refused to show us one bunker. But we know what's inside. There's nothing there right now, but the complex has the capability of being expanded into a major missile facility. We knew what it was the minute we went inside."

What is the significance of the Soviet foothold in Somalia? From their headquarters at Berbera, the Russians would have the capability of dominating the southern approach to the Suez Canal. With missile-equipped naval vessels they could harass the sea lanes around the Persian Gulf, easily attaining naval dominance over large stretches of the Indian Ocean. On the other hand, the

Bartlett trip will undoubtedly increase the chances that Congress will appropriate funds for expanding U.S. military facilities on Diego Garcia, the tiny British-owned island that lies some 2,000 miles off the coast of East Africa and 1,000 miles south of India.

Perhaps the most puzzling question raised by the Bartlett trip is why President Mohamed Siad Barre invited U.S. officials to Berbera in the first place. Siad, a taciturn career soldier who came to power after a leftist military coup in 1969, ingenuously told the Senator, "You won't find anything there." One theory is that Siad genuinely did not know the full significance of the Soviet construction at Berbera, and may have been prevented by some of his own aides from finding out. Another, perhaps more

plausible explanation is that Siad may have been attempting, however obliquely, to demonstrate that he would welcome more U.S. aid—not just more help for dealing with the severe drought that has taken at least 10,000 Somali lives in the past six months but also some American arms to counterbalance the current Soviet domination.

Strategic Sacrifices. Bartlett left Berbera convinced that Somalia should indeed receive more U.S. aid for the drought. But he and his party were troubled that the Somalis had already made so many strategic sacrifices to the Soviet Union. "The Somalis may have sovereignty here," said a Pentagon specialist as he left Berbera, "but it is the Soviets who will be using it and calling the shots."



MINERS VOTING FOR COMPROMISE



WILSON IN LONDON

BRITAIN

The Iron Chancellor Wins

In the end, it was Prime Minister Harold Wilson himself and not Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey who stepped up to the dispatch box in the House of Commons. In the ominous tones he reserves for grave occasions, Wilson told the House of the "economic catastrophe" facing the country. To reverse the tide of inflation (running at an annual rate of 28%) and to calm the jitters of foreign creditors who had caused the pound sterling to hit an all-time low, Wilson formally spelled out the details of Healey's proposed new program of wage, price and dividend controls (TIME, July 14).

It was a major policy reversal for the ruling Labor Party—and particularly for Wilson, who only two weeks ago was pooh-poohing the need for "panic

solutions." Since returning to power 16 months ago, Labor's economic policy had been based on the "social contract"—an agreement that the government would deliver social welfare benefits in exchange for the unions' voluntary wage restraints. But more and more unions began violating the contract by asking—and getting—pay raises of 30% and more. Wilson and Healey finally decided more drastic measures were needed.

The terms spelled out last week are substantially the same as those first proposed by Healey. They call for a "universal pay [raise] limit" of £6 (\$13.20) a week, except for those earning more than £8,500 (\$18,700) a year. They will get no raises at all. In agreeing to the flat rate, rather than the 10% limit originally favored by Healey, the govern-

ment made a gesture to the unions to help win their support. It means that workers on the lower end of the pay scale will get a larger proportionate increase, which will help erode pay differentials between skilled and unskilled workers. Both privately owned and state-run firms will be forbidden to raise prices to pay for increases beyond the £6 limit. But instead of seeking immediate legal power to fine employers who do not comply, Labor pledged to push for as yet unspecified legislation for enforcement only if voluntary compliance fails and "the pay limit is endangered."

Given the magnitude of the policy reversal, Wilson and Healey had little to lose by compromising on enforcement at this time. The formula saved face for Employment Secretary Michael Foot, the unions' staunchest defender in the Cabinet, who during the last election campaign flatly committed himself to quit if compulsory wage controls were enforced. There were fears that a Foot resignation would trigger the fall of the Wilson Cabinet. Not only would leftist Energy Secretary Anthony Wedgwood Benn have had little choice but to follow suit; the unions would have withdrawn their support from the government's program as well.

Skillful Wilson. In the end, Healey, who has earned the sobriquet of "the Iron Chancellor," did not get everything he wanted, but considerably more than he had a right to expect. As one Tory M.P. conceded, "The rats have got at it [the government's proposal] much less than expected."

With Foot agreeing to go along, the government should have little trouble with Parliament. There are perhaps 30 or so leftist Laborites who are opposed to controls on principle and who might refuse to back the new bills. But, there are enough Tories, Liberals and Nationalists who can accept the program to make up the loss of votes.

Most political observers in London praise Wilson's tactical skill in stage-managing a policy reversal without a breakup of his government or party. But the weapon he has seized, as one official noted, is still "a rubber sword" and has yet to be tested. The effect is to put off the crunch for three months, when the next round of pay negotiations will reach the critical phase.

Given Britain's catastrophic experiences with balky unions in the past, Wilson would seem to have nothing to lose by such a tactical delay. As Healey put it at week's end: "There is no point in taking two bites out of the cherry at once. Public support [for stiffer laws] will be greater when the need for them is demonstrated." Once again attention will focus on the mine workers. At their annual meeting in the Yorkshire town of Scarborough last week, it took a somewhat personal appeal from the Prime Minister to reword a resolution that they would "seek" rather than "demand" a whopping increase to \$220 a week.

INDIA

Life in a Derailed Democracy

Once outspoken Indians glanced nervously over their shoulders to see if anyone was listening before they dared engage in whispered political discussions. Single-page underground newspapers circulated in an attempt to provide information barred by censors from India's once lively established dailies. Some politicians who have not yet been arrested have gone into hiding; others have become temporary political émigrés by slipping over the border into Nepal.

That was the accumulating legacy of the state of emergency, now in its third week, under which Prime Minister

Sangh, a right-wing Hindu organization that has become the largest opposition party in the country and whose leaders are now in jail. Speaking in New Delhi, she declared: "There are people in this country who have tried to put every kind of pressure and obstacle in the path of our forward development." To prevent her opponents from "seizing power [and] bypassing democratic methods," she argued, she had to take democracy "some-what off the rails." So far, however, Mrs. Gandhi has provided no real evidence of a sizable conspiracy. Although police raids of the offices of extremist parties produced caches of weapons, they had-



MRS. GANDHI GREETING INDIAN NEWSPAPER EDITORS AT HER NEW DELHI RESIDENCE
Supporting the conspiracy theory with charges of help from abroad.

ter Indira Gandhi has suspended India's fundamental freedoms. Although the country generally seemed to be responding calmly to the emergency, Mrs. Gandhi last week showed no signs of easing her authoritarian rule. Arrests of the regime's opponents and of alleged smugglers and black marketeers continued across the subcontinent. Police seized the leaders of 26 extremist groups that had been previously banned and sealed their offices. Estimates of those detained ranged from 5,000 to 20,000. Internal censorship of information has become so tight that quotations from the works of India's national heroes—including Mohandas Gandhi and even Mrs. Gandhi's father, Jawaharlal Nehru—must be vetted before publication.

The Prime Minister last week continued to defend her draconian measures by insisting that India had been endangered by a conspiracy. For the first time, she singled out a culprit—the Jana

party seemed sufficient to threaten a country of 600 million. Moreover the police had sufficient authority to seize the weapons without a declaration of a state of emergency. If Mrs. Gandhi fails to give more concrete proof of a dangerous conspiracy, a significant number of India's literate public will become convinced of what is already obvious to outside observers: that she has acted primarily to preserve her own power.

Blaming the CIA. Perhaps to bolster the Prime Minister's conspiracy theory, some Indians last week insisted that her political opposition had received support from abroad. Members of the Congress youth wing demonstrated outside the U.S. Information Service library in New Delhi, shouting: "Shame, shame, shame on the CIA." They were parading the inevitable, automatic cry of Indian pro-Soviet Communist leaders and some Congress Party politicians who have charged that the U.S. Central In-

THE WORLD

telligence Agency was linked to the imprisoned opposition leaders.

That Mrs. Gandhi's government permitted the demonstrations, despite the ban on public gatherings of more than four persons, seemed an abrupt contradiction of the warm and friendly remarks she directed toward America a week ago when she praised "great fighters like Jefferson and Lincoln." She may now feel she needs the CIA as a scapegoat for India's current crisis.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gandhi has been carrying on with an economic program geared to win and retain her broad public backing. With organized labor already solidly behind her, she has been wooing businessmen by assuring them that she has no current plans for further nationalization of industries and by warning labor to eliminate crippling strikes. In a belated effort to nudge India's notoriously slothful bureaucracy, the government has been cracking down on civil service inefficiency. Minister of State Mohammed Shafi Qureshi paid a surprise visit to the railway headquarters just after the working day began. Finding that 150 employees were not yet at their desks, he locked out the stragglers for the rest of the day.

Since the declaration of the state of emergency, Mrs. Gandhi has been careful to remain technically within the bounds of legality. Last week she announced that Parliament would convene on July 21 for a week-long session. The constitution requires parliamentary approval of a state of emergency within 60 days of its imposition. Since the Congress Party has a two-thirds majority in the powerful lower house, Mrs. Gandhi will have her way.

Corrupt Practices. Convoicing Parliament, however, is not without risks. To many, the session will seem a travesty so long as most of the leaders of the opposition remain jailed. Moreover, with freedom of speech guaranteed on the floor of Parliament, the remaining members of the opposition and perhaps even some Congress Party members may dare to criticize the Prime Minister's authoritarian acts.

Mrs. Gandhi must also worry about how the Supreme Court will rule on her petition to reverse a lower-court decision finding her guilty of corrupt practices during the 1971 election campaign. The ruling by the court is expected in one to three months. If she loses her appeal, she will be ordered to resign her seat in Parliament—and hence as Prime Minister. In this case, however, the Election Commissioner is expected to set aside the ruling that Mrs. Gandhi must forfeit her seat. By then, Parliament will probably have indefinitely extended the state of emergency, which would enable the Prime Minister to keep postponing the next national election—now scheduled for February 1976. Doing so, however, would probably mean that India's 28-year-old experiment in democracy had been permanently derailed.

SOVIET UNION

'An Earnest, Conservative Society'

When the 35-nation European Security Conference convenes in Helsinki—possibly at the end of July—it will mark the fulfillment of one of Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's major foreign policy goals. The conference will not only put the stamp of legitimacy on Soviet hegemony over Eastern Europe, but will also be visible evidence of the détente between East and West on which Brezhnev has staked his reputation. *TIME* Correspondent John Shaw's three-year residence in the Soviet Union as Moscow bureau chief has spanned nearly the en-

launching of Soyuz this week (see SCIENCE) is a particular source of pride. To be sure, the dispute with China remains an obsessive fact of life that Brezhnev's successors will have to endure, and in the Middle East the Soviets have lost some ground. But if the U.S. has suffered through the worst decade since its Civil War, for the Soviet Union the Brezhnev era has been the best decade since the Revolution.

In general, the Soviets have recovered from the international opprobrium that followed their 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, the major foreign policy crisis of Brezhnev's tenure. It is not often today that Moscow's diplomats have thrown in their faces the challenge. "What about Czechoslovakia?" Somehow, the long, vain American attempt to prop up an unpopular government in Saigon made much of the world forget the swift Soviet crushing of a popular government in Prague. One by one in the Brezhnev years, Soviet-aided North Viet Nam, East Germany and Cuba have gained international acceptance. True, Moscow was a loser in Chile, but the Kremlin has reason to be pleased about Communist gains in Italy and Portugal.

Flickering Images. Economically, the Brezhnev era has seen—after the eccentric years of changing plans and sudden policy switches under Nikita Khrushchev—steady progress in building national strength. There has been some progress in providing consumer amenities, even though the variety and quality of food, clothes, appliances and services are primitive by Western standards. The Soviets are now the world's largest producers of coal, oil, iron ore, steel, tractors and mineral fertilizers, and are engaged in massive energy, transportation, metals and agricultural projects. They are spending billions on public housing and subway systems. The basic self-sufficiency of their economy and its planned priorities have enabled them thus far to escape inflation and unemployment.

The Soviet Union is currently getting Western technology—notably computers, petrochemical processes, energy equipment, consumer plants—at about the pace it can absorb. The credits for these imports, although limited in the U.S. by congressional demands for free emigration from Russia, are usually available from Europe, Japan and Canada. Western unemployment, spiraling prices, crime and drug problems are appalling to Soviet citizens, who are informed of them, gleefully, by the official press, television and radio. Although some broadcasting from the West is no longer jammed, the Soviet view of realities outside their censored world is dim and flickering, like the im-



PARTY CHIEF LEONID BREZHNEV

Best decade since the revolution.

ture era of détente. Shortly before leaving the Russian capital for reassignment, he cabled the following summing-up of the U.S.S.R. in the mid-70s:

As the Brezhnev era draws to a close—the Party Chief is expected to retire next year—the prospects for the Kremlin have rarely looked so promising. In the eleven years of Brezhnev's reign, Moscow has achieved nuclear and hence political parity with the U.S., improved its image in the world, and extended trade and influence in Western Europe while maintaining political and economic control of Eastern Europe. The

**"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never
smoke a boring cigarette."**



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76



Enjoy Viceroy Silver—now in a bold new pack

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

America's coal: a gold

The U.S. has more energy in coal than in oil and gas combined. Here's what Exxon is doing to help put coal's energy to work today.



The world of coal. The map above shows what the world would look like if the size of each country were in proportion to the coal reserves under its land. America—with nearly half the free world's coal—dwarfs Europe and the Middle East. Experts estimate that at the rate the United States uses coal today, these reserves could help keep us in energy for the next two hundred years. This could help supplement dwindling supplies of U.S. gas and oil—and more importantly, provide our country with an energy source that's right here at home.



The world of oil. This map shows where the world's oil is located. Most of it is in the Middle East. By comparison, however, the energy in U.S. coal is twice the amount of energy in Middle East oil. Exxon anticipated the growing demand for coal several years ago. That's why Exxon is continuing its program aimed at helping America take greater advantage of this vast energy resource. Exxon scientists and engineers are working to find better ways to mine coal, cleaner ways to burn it, and new ways to put coal to work.



An example of land reclamation. Exxon is firmly committed to reclaiming land which may be disturbed by mining. We have no operational coal mines in the West right now. But, our uranium mine near Casper, Wyoming, is an excellent example of how our reclamation program works. Since operations began, Exxon has been continually contouring, planting and reseeding the disturbed areas with yellow-clover, crested and western-wheat grasses. Right now, it's difficult to tell the natural landscape from the reseeded landscape. When we've finished mining here, the land will be at least as productive as it was before we came.

mine of energy.



A new kind of coal town. To most visitors, the Court House at Carlinville, Illinois, typifies the picturesque beauty of this Midwest community. In 1970, Exxon opened a new mine near Carlinville. Today, the town is still as clean and picturesque as ever. And a lot more prosperous. Employment is up 22 percent, with over 300 new and high-paying jobs. Recently, leaders from other prospective coal towns visited Carlinville to see how coal mining and a good city can thrive side by side.



America's biggest coal users. Most coal used in America today is burned by electric power plants like the one above. These plants consumed about 400 million tons of coal last year. By 1985, this figure could jump to nearly 700 million tons. This surge in coal consumption will go a long way toward freeing gas and oil for other purposes. And it will also mean thousands of new jobs for people here in the United States.



New mines, new miners, new methods. Putting a modern coal mine into production calls for a lot more than a pick and shovel. Many years must be spent in planning and development. New mining techniques must be tested. New mining talent must be trained. New transportation systems must be set up. All so that when a new Exxon mine opens it will produce coal in the most efficient and environmentally responsible way.



Cleaner energy from coal. Exxon is deeply involved in pollution control research. The TIGER van—or Traveling Industrial Gaseous Emission Research vehicle—is an important part of a program Exxon is conducting for the Environmental Protection Agency. The TIGER van's job is to monitor and record emissions from coal-fired boilers and power plant stacks. The data collected is used by Exxon engineers to test new coal combustion techniques which may help bring America more energy without more pollution.





**Heineken—
het fijnste bier
van Holland—is het
meest geïmporteerde
bier in Amerika—#1
omdat Heineken zo heerlijk smaakt.**

THE WORLD

ages on an untuned television screen.

The Soviet elite is enjoying the biggest slice of the steady growth in national wealth. "There's more pie and more fat flies to share it," notes a Leningrad sociologist. On the woody outskirts of Moscow, the birch-shaded grounds of Khrushchev's old dacha at Petrovo-Dalneye are being torn up to make room for rows of mini-dachas, which look like motel cabins, for middle-class apparatchiks. The system of special stores for top people, stocked with Western goods and local caviar, is expanding.

Soviet styles at the top are changing, visually at least. Premier Aleksei Kosygin has taken to striped ties, President Nikolai Podgorniy sometimes appears in patterned shirts, TV anchormen wear checked blazers with wide lapels, and sports heroes and young Communist Leaguers are allowed long hair and two-tone shoes. Such tolerance of Western ways is strictly sartorial.

Separate Armies. After a generation of recovering from Stalin and Hitler, today's Soviet leaders may be able to perceive the contours of their national future. Still, it's far from certain that this generation of leaders, or perhaps the next, will lead the Soviet police state into social democracy. They are cynical, philistine power brokers whose world is measured in terms of economic statistics and Communist Party control. There is no sign of the oft-predicted clash between the party bureaucrats and the industrial and scientific technocrats. Although it is rotten at the edges—as provincial political scandals reveal—the party network retains a tenacious monopoly of authority.

The country is like a Gulliver permanently tied down by not one but two armies of officials belonging to the separate state and Communist Party bureaucracies. In everyday life a Soviet citizen needs written permission for everything, from changing a job or apartment to getting a hotel room. Industry and agriculture are similarly stifled. Professional middlemen and grafters, adept at short-cutting the paper work and expediting anything from steel supplies to beefsteak, flourish illegally in the crevices of this creaking structure. But for most Soviet citizens there is no short cut through the numbing, frustrating maze of controls. The majority simply endure with apathy, and often, self-contempt.

For Soviet citizens, the tanks that rumbled through Prague had their equivalent at home in the police's storming of Writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn's apartment, in the bulldozers crushing an unofficial art exhibition, in the new flow of political prisoners into the concentration camps that Khrushchev had virtually emptied. Some of the country's most talented dancers, musicians, writers and scholars are retreating in despair from neo-Stalinism and from cultural stagnation. Many are emigrating

and defecting to the opportunities—and the pains—of exile. The remaining dissenters are depressed. Physicist Andrei Sakharov, the hero of those who cherish civil rights, insists that there have been no reforms since Khrushchev's modest relaxations more than 15 years ago. Sakharov patiently conducts his lost cause from a bleak Moscow apartment that is a mecca for Soviets in trouble with the KGB—and for Westerners whose respectful visits help the scientist stay out of jail. No students, not even a one-man demonstration, speak up for Solzhenitsyn or Sakharov, or even against pollution.

The Soviet Union is an earnest, intensely conservative society, convinced of the virtues of industrial growth. There are so many shortages, so much catching up to be done, that advocacy of zero growth would be heresy. Freedom is daily defined as freedom from want, and democracy is seen in terms of economic rights and Communist Party duties. The Western insistence on individuality is regarded as weakness and its passion for expression as a delusion. In a recent speech, Secret Police Chief Yuri Andropov expressed his contempt for the Western version of democracy: "How can one speak of civil rights for the masses in capitalist countries where people live in fear of losing their jobs?" The picture of the West in the Soviet press is uniformly black—a nightmare of unemployment, strikes, inflation, crime and drug problems.

For the foreigner who lives among them for a while, the durable Soviet people are the most compelling part of the country. Their historic hardships, the sheer human cost in suffering and struggle, give a moving dimension, a unique quality to their achievements. Nothing has come easily, everything has cost so much.

Hopes for Peace. Now, more than half a century after the Revolution, this is the era of what the party calls "the new Soviet man." The Bolsheviks would hardly recognize him. He is not a liberal democrat, but he would like to be a consumer. He is a patriot, even a chauvinist, but he is friendlier to foreigners than his police force appreciates. He probably does not want to read *The Gulag Archipelago* even if he could, but he thought Arthur Hailey's *Airport*, a bestseller in the Soviet Union, was fascinating. He drinks too much, his government says, and watches hockey on TV, his wife says, when he should be helping her with household tasks. He is impatient with nonconformists but contemptuous of the *stukachi*, the neighborhood secret police informers. His main questions about the West are about unemployment, and his main personal concern right now is whether his son will get into a university next year, or have to join him at the factory. He almost certainly will not get to read this article, and if he did, he would probably say it did not say enough about his hopes for peace.



GETTING A SOVIET MANICURE



CATHEDRAL AND MODERN HOTEL IN MOSCOW
RUSSIAN MEN SHOPPING FOR SUITS





FANNE FOXE AT A DRESS REHEARSAL



AMIN WITH HIS THREE-YEAR-OLD SON MWANGA & LECTURER HILLS

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]



PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

"I've been studying acting two months now, but I don't know what people will think of me. I haven't been exposed that much." Not to movie audiences, perhaps, but Stripper **Fanne Foxe's** screen debut in *Posse From Heaven* may change all that. In the film, the former Tidal Basin Bombshell portrays a stripper-turned-archangel who dances, sings and otherwise soothes the shaky ego of a bumbling cowboy "in a very human way." If everything comes off as expected, a Fanne Foxe biography will be published this fall to coincide with *Posse's* premiere. Though Fanne says that she and former Mentor **Wilbur Mills** are still the best of pals, the Arkansas Congressman is likely to pass up his protégée's first flick. "Wilbur doesn't go to movies or plays," says Fanne, "because he falls asleep."

There is a paunch at the midsection, and the rubbery face has some new creases; but **Ray Bolger**, 71, showed the same old ease on his feet as he rehearsed for his first movie role in more than a decade. Cast as a retired vaudevillian making a comeback, Bolger has teamed up with **Jack Lemmon** in a film version of **John Osborne's** 1958 play, *The Entertainer*. "I like the part and admired Jack Lemmon so much that I thought I could afford to take second billing," said Bolger, who has kept his steps by combining two hours of daily dance practice with golf, fishing and a string of one-man shows. Returned Jack: "He's sensational. I admire everything about him except his golf swing."

Summoned suddenly from a local prison to the "command post" of Uganda's dictator, General **Idi Amin Dada**, gaunt British Lecturer **Denis Cecil Hills**, 61, received the welcome news from

"Big Daddy" himself. "You are now free," Amin announced grandly. For three months Hills had faced death for writing in an unpublished manuscript that the mercurial Amin was a "village tyrant." As the price of Hills' release, British Foreign Secretary **James Callaghan** flew to Kampala last week for a state visit. Beamed the huge general as Hills and Callaghan stood by: "This proves I am not mad."

"I've always believed it best to admit one's mistakes as quickly as possible," explained **Cher Sarkisian Bono Allman**, 29. With that, the vampy TV star announced that she was suing for divorce from Rock Singer **Gregg Allman**, 27, whom she had married just nine days earlier. The shaken Allman, who began sharing Cher's Holmby Hills mansion several months ago, blamed the break-up on false tales about his fondness for drink and drugs, including one report that he had collapsed with his head in a plate of spaghetti. "A lot of people didn't want to see her marry me," he said tearfully, "so they planted rumors and lies about me. Cher worried that the publicity would affect her audience. I love the lady. I wouldn't mess up her life for anything."

Local disc jockeys reacted by playing *Silhouettes (on the Shade)* and *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*. For **Randy Agnew**, son of former Vice President **Spiro Agnew**, there was little to smile about. According to Baltimore police, Timothy Frye and his wife Susan were watching television at about 2:30 a.m. when they noticed someone peeping in through a window. After phoning the police, said Frye, he ran outside, scuffled with the intruder and held him down until the law arrived. Agnew, 28,



GREG ALLMAN & CHER BEFORE BREAKUP

PEOPLE

claims that he was only searching for the apartment of a friend. Unconvinced, police charged him with trespassing "for the purpose of invading the privacy of the occupants of the building," then released him on his own recognizance.

New thoughts from **Chairman Mao**: The Watergate crisis was simply the result of "too much freedom of political expression in the U.S.," the 81-year-old Chinese Communist leader told visiting Thai Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj. "What's wrong with taping a conversation when you happen to have a tape recorder with you? Most people in America love playing with tape recorders... Please tell him [ex-President Nixon] I still think of him."

And now... **Godfather III**. With nine Academy Awards and more than \$100 million already earned by *The Godfather* and its sequel, Director **Francis Ford Coppola** has plans for still another encore. NBC has just commissioned him to rearrange the saga of the Corleone crime family into four feature-length television shows. The nine or ten hours of tube time will be constructed from edited and de-violenced *Godfather* footage plus some three hours of film that was cut from the first two movies. "I will have to relook at all the material and will see it this time as a totally new movie for the television medium," said Coppola. "It is like a whole new writing, and it just might be great." So too will be NBC's payment to Paramount Pictures for the *Godfather* rights: an estimated \$15 million.

"Gentlemen, please move aside; it's for your own safety," warned **Queen Juliana** of The Netherlands. Then, her warning unheeded, the unceremonious



QUEEN JULIANA WHEELS AWAY

66-year-old monarch wobbled off, leading 15,000 bicyclists through the start of a four-day tour of the pastoral province of Drenthe. With a breathless lady-in-waiting close behind, the Queen pedaled at a smart pace for ten full miles before completing the first lap of the tour. "Let **Queen Elizabeth** of England beat this one," exulted the event's sponsor, Cycle Manufacturer **Wim Breukink**. Said Juliana on descending from her bike: "Phew!"

"I left New York to get away from muggers in leather jackets, and now I find muggers in tweeds with leather patches," grumbled Comedian **Godfrey Cambridge**. In a hearing before the Connecticut real estate commission, Cambridge identified the "muggers" as three real estate agents who last year sold him a \$125,000 home in Ridgefield, Conn. Although part of the purchase price had been intended for repairs, he said, almost none had been made. Instead, a faulty heating system kept him cold in winter, toilets malfunctioned and an overheated clothes drier melted his wardrobe. Once, while admiring the view from the picture window, he fell through the rotted floor up to his knees. Said the unsmiling comedian: "I was displeased."

MILESTONES

Died. Otto Skorzeny, 67, audacious Nazi SS colonel, saboteur and guerrilla fighter during World War II: of bronchial cancer; in Madrid. Skorzeny led the September 1943 glider-borne rescue of Benito Mussolini from the mountain-top hotel where he had been imprisoned by the pro-Allied Badoglio government. The exploit earned him the Iron Cross and *der Führer's* gratitude, which he repaid by helping to thwart the July 1944 plot against Hitler, rallying SS units and halting a wave of executions so that Gestapo torturers could extract from conspirators the extent of the plot. As German armies pressed the Ardennes offensive during Christmas week 1944, Skorzeny directed the infiltration of hundreds of English-speaking Germans clad in U.S. uniforms behind Eisenhower's lines. While awaiting a denazification trial in 1948, Skorzeny escaped the German prison camp at Darmstadt and spent his remaining years as a businessman in Spain.

Died. Morgan Beatty, 72, reporter and NBC radio broadcaster; in St. Johns, Antigua. As a military expert for the Associated Press during World War II, Beatty accurately predicted both Hitler's assault on Russia and the successful Soviet resistance. Later, he reported Roosevelt's choice of Harry Truman as his 1944 running mate before even Truman knew about it. But his biggest scoop was never broadcast: sailing home from the 1945 Potsdam Conference on a naval vessel with Truman, Beatty guessed that an atomic bomb was to be dropped on Hiroshima when Truman interrupted a poker game to confer with an aide and point to the city on a map. Beatty commented, "There was absolutely nothing I could do."

Died. Achille van Acker, 77, Socialist Premier of Belgium in 1945-46 and 1954-58; in Bruges. Van Acker became a longshoreman, union leader and Socialist parliamentarian, fled Brussels to join the Belgian Maquis after the Nazi invasion in 1940. Named Minister of Labor in the coalition government that followed liberation, "Smiling Achille" persuaded striking coal miners to return to work, and was credited with the labor peace that speeded Belgian recovery. As Premier, he resisted the return of Belgium's collaborationist King Leopold in 1945 and formed an economic union with The Netherlands and Luxembourg that later became part of the European Common Market.

Died. Ruffian, 3, one of the fleetest, most beautiful fillies in racing history; by an injection of phenobarbital after injuries suffered during a \$350,000 match race at New York's Belmont Park race track (see SPORT).

THE PRESS

Teaser

One evening early in 1971, as Author Gay Gaetano Galante Septimo Talese (*The Kingdom and the Power, Honor Thy Father*) was walking home from a Manhattan restaurant with his wife, he spotted a sign on a Lexington Avenue third-floor window: **LIVE NUDE MODELS**. That was when Talese, a lapsed Catholic of conventionally moralistic upbringing, suddenly realized that the sexual revolution had landed almost literally at his doorstep. Next day he walked back alone for his first massage-parlor massage.



GAY TALESE

That rubdown was inspiration—and the initial field research—for a projected 800-page magnum opus on sex, a work that Talese hoped would do for Eros what his earlier books had done for the New York Times and the Mafia. Instead, it has become perhaps the most famous unwritten volume in publishing history. Four years and a thousand orgasms later, not a word of Talese's vast researches has appeared in print.

Not that is, until now. This week *Esquire* will publish a 9,000-word chunk from Talese's as yet untitled and still unfinished book. The excerpt is about a girlie photo, the man who has carried on a masturbatory affair with that picture since 1957, and the California model who posed for it. Talese found

the man, Harold Rubin, now 35 and a Chicago porn merchant, by wandering into his sex shop; he eventually learned of his obsession and finally located the model, Diane Webber, now a Malibu, Calif., housewife and belly-dance instructor. (The two have never met.) He interviewed the pair and their families more than a dozen times, and recounts the sexual histories of all in the smooth, detailed prose at which Talese excels. "I got people to talk because I care and I'm interested," he says. "I wanted to see how people get through their days and nights."

One of the main characters of the book will be the self-described "participating observer" himself. Talese, now 43 and not visibly tired, will detail his experiences of managing two massage parlors at once ("I was very good at it"), frequenting fleshpots across the U.S. and Europe, sitting through porno films and sex-therapy sessions, frolicking in nudist camps, joining in group sex and otherwise living out the genital fantasies of millions—all in the name of journalism. "A writer cannot write from the sidelines," he says. "It's my own life story. I'm holding nothing back."

Not that there would be that much left to hide. He has already been described in a nude health-spa romp in *New York* magazine; *Esquire* has reported, among other brief encounters, his coupling with the ex-wife of a sex-magazine editor. Talese promises to tell in the book about his surprisingly tranquil domestic life. His wife Nan, a stunningly attractive senior editor at the Manhattan book publishing house of Simon

& Schuster, married Talese in 1959, when he was an obscure New York Times reporter. They live with their two daughters in an East Side townhouse. Nan has said she was pained at the descriptions of her husband's infidelities, but insists that their marriage has not suffered. "People think they know something about us," she says. "They don't."

Talese plans to publish further installments in *Esquire* and perhaps other magazines in coming months. "I make my own deadlines," he says. Indeed he does. Until his editors at Doubleday read this month's *Esquire* piece, they will not have seen a word from Talese. Doubleday has put up \$1.2 million, half of which he has already collected, for the sex opus plus a future book.

Trashy Journalism

"Who steals my purse steals trash," said Shakespeare, but who steals my trash—ah, that can be a treasure of sorts, at least for the imaginatively trashy *National Enquirer*. Under orders from his editors, Reporter Jay Gourley, 27, lifted five green plastic bags of refuse from in front of the Georgetown home of Nancy and Henry Kissinger and put them in the trunk of his 1968 Buick. Alert Secret Service agents and police promptly swooped down on him, and it took 2½ hours of argument before Gourley convinced them that the trash by law constituted abandoned property and was there for the taking.

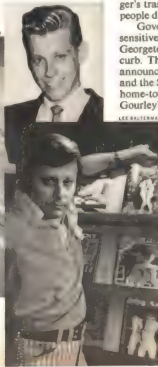
Gourley later sorted his haul and deduced that Henry or Nancy or both 1) smoke Marlboros, 2) use patent medicines, and 3) sometimes throw away the New York Times unopened. He is saving other weighty conclusions for a treatise the *Enquirer* is doing this week. Says Gourley, "There are things in Kissinger's trash that I think he would rather people didn't know about."

Government agents daily carry off sensitive material from the Secretary's Georgetown jetsam before it reaches the curb. The State Department, however, announced that Nancy was "anguished" and the Secretary "really revolted." The home-town Washington *Post* decried Gourley's trash-can investigation as "indefensible—both as journalistic practice and as civilized behavior." Later in the week a Palm Beach, Fla., *Post* reporter pawed through garbage bins at the *National Enquirer's* headquarters in nearby Lantana and came up with a revealing two-year-old memo from Publisher Generoso Pope Jr. exhorting his troops: "Prod, push and probe the main characters in the story. Help them frame their answers. Ask leading questions like 'Do you ever go into the corner and cry?'"

LEFT: DIANE WEBBER BELLY-DANCING TODAY
BELOW: WEBBER IN 1957 GIRLIE PHOTO



UPPER RIGHT: HAROLD RUBIN IN 1957
RIGHT: RUBIN IN HIS SEX SHOP TODAY



Now in the air-tight pack. Pall Mall Menthol 100's



Hard pack, soft pack-no ordinary pack keeps its cool, like Pall Mall Menthol's air-tight pack.

Ordinary packs let air in, moisture out on the way to you.
But Pall Mall Menthol's air-tight pack is hermetically sealed to hold in all the menthol so you enjoy mint-fresh smoking when you open the pack.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ENERGY

Hot Debate Over Basics

While efforts to develop a U.S. energy policy have been stymied by endless wrangling within Congress and between the legislators and the White House, the nation's energy situation has deteriorated. Domestic production of oil has declined steadily during the past year, and a relaxation of public conservation measures and the nation's quickening economic pace have caused U.S. oil imports to return to pre-Arab embargo levels. Indeed, the U.S. has become more dependent than ever on

Arab oil; it now draws 26% of its petroleum imports from Arab supplies (v. 16% in late 1974) and is more vulnerable to a new shutoff. More alarming is a looming shortage of natural gas, the nation's No. 2 energy source (it provides the fuel for an estimated 60% of U.S. industry and heats 55% of all American homes). That scarcity could become so severe next winter that natural gas would replace oil as the country's No. 1 energy worry. President Ford warned last week that the low gas supplies "will mean substantially less jobs" and "could interfere with economic recovery."

So far, Congress has seemed capable of achieving consensus only on minor energy measures. Last week, in an unusual display of unanimity, the Senate voted 91 to 0 to build up a three-month national reserve of oil by storing supplies in salt domes, idle tankers and even abandoned mines—a sound precaution but hardly a basic solution. By an impressive margin of 391 to 20, the House decided to allow commercial oil drilling in the Elk Hills, Buena Vista and Teapot Dome reserves, which have been husbanded for emergency military use. But two of the fields are small and already partially depleted.

Diametrically Opposed. Congress is now getting around to the basics. This week the House and Senate are expected to begin debates on bills that deal with prices of the nation's two most vital fuels. Unfortunately, the debates probably will throw into sharp contrast the diametrically opposed approaches of the White House and the Democrats who control Congress. The Ford Administration favors relatively swift abolition of fuel-price controls in the belief that high prices will force conservation and stimulate domestic production. Last Saturday, Ford announced that he will send to Congress this week a price-decontrol plan for domestic oil. The Democrats, fearful of the inflationary impact of decontrol of oil and gas, advocate price adjustments within the framework of continued federal price regulation.

The House bill is a massive attempt by Democrats to throw the full weight of the U.S. Government against the price-setting power of OPEC and thus roll back the price of petroleum. It would reduce the price of "new" domestic crude (oil in excess of what was produced in 1972) from its present \$13 per bbl. to \$7.50. Producers in especially high-cost drilling areas, like offshore, would be allowed to charge \$8.50 per bbl. The price of "old" domestic crude, which is now

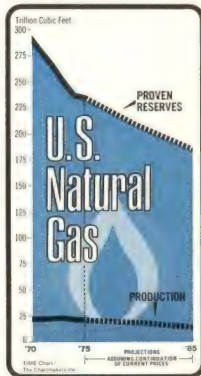
frozen at \$5.25 per bbl., would be allowed to rise to \$7.50 also—but only over a five-year period. The House bill would please consumers, since it would hold down energy prices, but oilmen argue that the measure would stifle the incentive to develop new wells.

Because of the looming natural-gas crisis, the Senate debate may attract even more attention and acrimony than the House discussions on oil. The Senate bill seeks to stimulate natural gas production through selected changes in Government controls. Since 1960, the Federal Power Commission has regulated the price of gas flowing across state lines. As demand surged in the early 1970s, partly as a result of environmen-

STEVE KORTUP



NATURAL GAS PLANT IN LOUISIANA
No. 2 source—and No. 1 worry?



tal legislation favoring clean-burning gas, the FPC held the price at an artificially low level. Even now, it is fixed at only \$1¢ per thousand cu. ft., equivalent to a mere \$3 per bbl. for oil.

The consequences were a classic example of regulation gone awry. Owing to the low price, demand increased but producers preferred to sell gas to consumers in their own states, where federal controls did not apply and gas could be sold at three or four times the interstate rate. Critics accused some firms of leaving their reserves untapped in anticipation of price rises. Within the FPC, a heated debate broke out over whether

Buy it this year. Save \$10,000. See Money for July.



Nineteen seventy-five is likely to be the best time to buy a house for years to come. For a lot of reasons.

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Two new newsletters.

If we didn't act fast, we wouldn't be doing our job. So this month, Money is adding two new late-closing departments. *Money Letter*. Wall Street and *Money Letter*. Washing-

ton cover areas where new developments can affect personal finances especially fast. And the rest of the July Money is just as useful. *The Small-Sailboat Wave*...*Mail Order Financial Advice*...*What's Wrong with This Garage Sale*...*Home*



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The Farm Owner's Heir.

Should he switch
from livestock
to common stock?

The farm had been in his family for years. And now it was John's, left in trust for him by his father.

He wanted to keep it for sentimental reasons. But would he be better off with another investment?

Fortunately for John, his trust was at The Northern Trust, the only major trust

company with an affiliate devoted exclusively to farm management. Our agricultural experts not only recognized the excellent profit potential of his farm, they showed him how modern technology could increase that potential.

The point is, The Northern Trust isn't locked-in to one investment area. We're ex-

pert in many areas. That's why we can give qualified, objective advice to each customer on what's best for him personally.

Ask your lawyer about us. And for help with your financial planning, contact Ray E. Marchman, Jr., Vice President, The Northern Trust Company, 50 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 60690. (312) 346-5500.

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Bring your future to us.

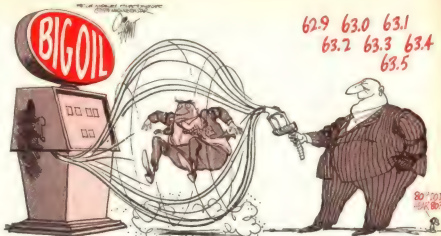
gas companies understated reserves in order to create a crisis atmosphere.

To encourage exploration, the Democratic-sponsored bill would allow independent producers to charge as much as \$2 per thousand cu. ft. for "new" gas. Gas from newly developed wells brought in by major oil companies would be sold at a fixed price of up to 75¢ per thousand cu. ft. Both the White House and the Senate Democrats would hold the price of "old" gas from wells already in production at roughly its present level to soften the economic impact of the higher new gas prices. The White House, however, has called for decontrol of all new gas, allowing the price to rise to whatever the market will bear. Senate Commerce Committee experts predict that that average would raise the fuel bill of the average U.S. family by \$2,888 over the next six years; their own plan, they say, would hold the pocketbook impact to \$1,814.

Any action will come much too late to avert a possible natural gas crisis this winter. According to the FPC, the big pipeline companies are expected to deliver nearly 20% less gas this winter than last. Parts of the Midwest are bracing for serious shortfalls. But the shortage will hit hardest in the Northeast, which is already suffering most from the rising cost of imported oil. Many East Coast utilities have stopped accepting new gas customers and are sending warnings to industrial users to expect drastic curtailments of supplies. Many large gas users are converting to fuel oil at a vastly higher cost. In New Jersey, John Kean, president of the Elizabethtown Gas Co., warns of "the gas industry's Pearl Harbor this winter."

Painful End. For the past seven years, the consumption of natural gas has outrun new discoveries at an alarming rate. Barring a dramatic reversal of present trends, the U.S. will exhaust its present proven reserves of 234 trillion cu. ft. in eleven years. There is no guarantee that new wells would bring in abundant new supplies. U.S. potential (as opposed to proven) gas resources are currently estimated at 322 trillion to 655 trillion cu. ft., roughly a 15- to 30-year supply, but that figure is little more than a guess. In any event, lead times for bringing in new wells are so long that no upsurge in exploration can produce results quickly enough to hold off serious shortages in the next few years.

The hope is that higher prices for new gas would trigger enough new drilling to arrest the decline in proven reserves by the 1980s, when other forms of gas, notably illogically named synthetic natural gas (which is manufactured from coal) and imported liquefied natural gas could supplement the real stuff, though at a very high cost. For the U.S., the cold reality is that the era of plentiful low-cost natural gas is ending quite as painfully as did the bygone age of cheap, abundant oil.



PRICES

Some Worrisome Increases

About the only good to come out of the nation's most brutal postwar recession has been the decisive slowdown in inflation. The surge in living costs has slackened from a peak annual rate of 13.6% in the three months ended last October to 5% in the three months ended in May. During the past two weeks, though, a freshet of price increases, actual or contemplated, on aluminum, autos, gasoline and sugar, has aroused some worry about whether the progress can be sustained. Then, rumors of a new Soviet purchase of U.S. grain revived memories of the massive—and inflationary—1972 Russian deal and temporarily caused futures prices of some grains to jump. At week's end it was revealed that discussions are indeed under way. President Ford insisted that the Administration is alert to the dangers of too big a sale overseas but also said, "We hope that there will be a sale to the Soviet Union."

Few, if any, experts expect these developments to trigger a renewed burst of inflation. But there is concern that the recent price rises may presage a move by some companies to seize on the first fragile signs of a rebound, to raise their prices. Any such trend, warns Albert Rees, director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, would "retard the recovery very severely" by discouraging consumer buying.

Thus Rees moved swiftly to head off a series of price boosts announced by the highly concentrated aluminum industry. Alcoa, for example, proposed an average 2.3% increase on 60% of its shipments—although its mills are operating at only 74% of capacity and inventories of unsold metal are large. Aluminum companies argue that they have to recover higher operating costs (Jamaica, a prime source of the raw material bauxite, has raised the price more than 700% in the past year) and that

anyway, low prices do not move metal in the face of still weak demand. Though the council has no authority to order price boosts stopped, and must rely solely on public-opinion pressure, Rees persuaded Alcoa, Reynolds and Kaiser (which led off the increases) to delay until the council can hold a public hearing July 22 to determine if the boosts are justified.

That move did not dissuade automakers from planning price rises on the 1976 models due in dealers' showrooms in the fall. Last week General Motors notified dealers by letter that the increase would not exceed 6%—thus in effect putting a tentative figure on the rises that all automakers have been talking about as necessary to recoup rising costs of materials and labor. A 6% increase would amount to \$335 per car, added to average rises of \$1,000 per car over the past two model years, it surely would not help lift auto sales out of the doldrums.

The other increases seemed special cases. Most major oil companies lifted gasoline prices 1¢ to 3¢ per gal. just as the summer driving season went into high gear; an additional 2¢ is likely to be added before Labor Day. But that is at least partly a result of deliberate, if arguable, Government policy—specifically the \$2 per bbl. tariff imposed by President Ford on foreign crude oil in an attempt to push prices high enough to force motorists to conserve fuel. Wholesale sugar prices rose 2¢ to 3¢ per lb., largely because of damage done to sugar-beet crops by heavy rains in parts of Minnesota and North Dakota, but sugar prices earlier had dropped 78% after a skyrocketing rise.

Foreign Demand. There are some strong counterweights to the price increases. The biggest: prospects for relative stability in food prices. A new Russian grain deal would not change that outlook. Traders believe the Soviets are

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

not likely to buy more than 3 million tons from the U.S. this year, a little more than a seventh of what they bought in 1972. Moreover, there is growing evidence that the U.S. can satisfy strong foreign demand for farm goods and still have ample supplies for itself. Last week the Agriculture Department estimated that this year's corn crop will total a record 6.05 billion bu., up 30% from last year, and the wheat harvest will weigh in at a bin-busting 2.19 billion bu., up 22%.

All together, forecasters still expect inflation to continue abating. The corporate consulting firm of Townsend-Greenspan predicts a 4.9% pace of price increases in the fourth quarter; experts at the Wharton School of Business foresee 4.1%. But whether that outlook is realized depends heavily on whether the latest increases are mere coincidence, or illustrate a widespread feeling among businessmen that recovery is the right time to raise prices.

MONEY

Floating Furor

Since early 1973, the world's major currencies have been "floating"—that is, how many U.S. dollars or Japanese yen a German mark, say, can buy has been determined by the forces of supply and demand in foreign exchange markets and not, as in the past, by government fiat. The system seemed to work well for a while. Now, however, a growing number of Europeans are concluding that floating rates have been a failure. The harshest critic has been France, which last week ceased to allow the franc to float freely against all other money. Instead, it will rejoin a Euro-

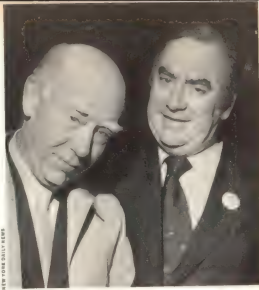
pean fixed-rate scheme known as the snake* that ties the values of seven currencies to each other.

Many policymakers and bankers in Europe are assailing floating rates partly on the argument that they have not, as promised, ended speculative swings in world currency markets. Instead, currency fluctuations have intensified (see chart) and losses as the result of miscalculations have grown larger. Banks such as Banque de Bruxelles, Lloyds, the Union Bank of Switzerland and the now defunct Franklin National in the U.S. lost heavily last year by guessing wrong about which way—or how far—rates would float. So did some corporations that have tried to hedge against fluctuations by contracting to buy and sell currencies at a future date: ITT lost \$48 million in foreign exchange transactions in 1974. Moans one multinational executive: "All the Harvard Business School techniques are worthless when exchange rates can move by 20% in a matter of months."

Another criticism is that floating rates have not helped to solve international trade problems. Britain, for example, continues to run huge deficits despite a downward float of the pound. Its woes underscore perhaps the most basic charge against floating rates: that they encourage nations to spend more than they earn, in the false hope that a cheaper currency will correct major economic weaknesses by encouraging exports and holding down imports. In reality, says University of Chicago Economist Arthur Laffer, currency fluctuations "never solve fundamental problems."

Although floating rates have not lived up to expectations, they did help currency values adjust to the shock of quintupled oil prices in 1973 and early 1974. Partly for that reason, there is no agreement that others should now follow France's lead and shift back to fixed rates. Says Treasury Secretary William Simon: "The old system was abandoned for one simple reason. It didn't work." Clearly, it did not work at all well during the late 1960s and early 1970s, when the industrialized nations lurched from one chaotic monetary crisis to another. Members of the International Monetary Fund meeting in Washington next month are expected to study ways of refining the floating-rate system, but they are unlikely to decide to put the world back on strict fixed rates any time soon.

*The snake—so named because of the way its currencies wiggle together against outsiders' money—includes the Benelux and Scandinavian countries along with West Germany. France, a charter member when the snake was formed in 1972, dropped out early last year.



EDWARD CAREY WITH BROTHER (1972)

PERSONALITY

The Other Carey

If Democrat Hugh Carey was an obscure politician before his election as New York's Governor last year, his oil-man brother Edward was almost invisible. Yet had it not been for Edward, Hugh Carey might not be in office at all. As the secretive, quietly ambitious chief and sole owner of the sprawling Carey Energy Corp., Edward Michael Carey bankrolled his brother's campaign to the tune of \$1 million.

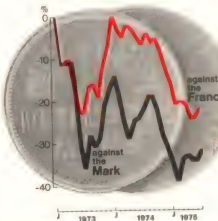
For Ed Carey, the largesse was effortless. He will not disclose his net worth, but Wall Street sources put it at between \$200 million and \$250 million. That easily ranks the white-haired, 58-year-old Carey (two years older than Hugh) among the 100 or so richest men in the U.S. His company's annual sales are estimated at around \$1.25 billion, making it the 23rd largest oil company in the U.S. It certainly is one of the world's largest companies owned by one person. While there are some unexercised stock options held by a few key executives, Carey personally owns all of the far-flung Carey Energy Corp.

Under Scrutiny. Consisting of New England Petroleum Corp. and some 40 affiliates, Carey's company supplies oil to New York State utilities and others along the Eastern seaboard. It also explores in the North Sea, pumps crude in Abu Dhabi, refines in the Bahamas, ships round the world by tanker, truck and pipeline, and owns storage terminals with a capacity of 25 million bbl. Most of the Carey Corp.'s business is with industrial customers. But a subsidiary, Burns Bros., supplies heating oil to New York metropolitan-area homes. In Canada, the group's Caloil affiliate sells gasoline under the Calnex sign at 250 service stations.

Carey's political activity was minimal until his brother decided to run for

CURRENCY GYRATIONS

% change in U.S. dollar since Jan. 1973 against German and French currencies



What looks like the newest Cadillac and is priced like the newest VW?



Ford Granada 4-Door *3,756*



Cadillac Seville *12,479*



VW Rabbit 4-Door *3,800*

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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Governor. Ed contributed nominally to Richard Nixon's 1972 campaign—"not that I thought he was any great man," he says, "but the other fellow [George McGovern] sure looked wild-eyed." Throughout Hugh Carey's campaign, there were accusations by opponents that Ed was buying his brother's way to the statehouse, thus focusing public attention on the oil executive for the first time. Currently, Carey is under scrutiny for other reasons. The Federal Energy Administration is looking into allegations that Carey and other oil companies made excessive profits during the crisis winter of 1973-74 by buying oil cheap and selling it at inflated prices. For his part, the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York cleared Carey after an investigation. But there is also an allegation that Edward used the influence of his brother, then a member of the House Ways and Means Committee, to gain approval for an oil deal. Hugh, who himself has asked the Attorney General to look into the case, last week demanded that all records of communications between his old congressional office and the former Federal Energy Office, where he is alleged to have brought pressure to bear on behalf of his brother, be made public.

Favorite Play. Though he is a newcomer to the limelight, Ed Carey is thoroughly seasoned when it comes to the oil business—one of the last of the pre-packet-calculator oilmen who keeps track of all the constantly shifting variables in his head. The Irish Catholic son of a Shell Oil executive (who had run his own fuel distributorship until it foundered after the 1929 crash), Carey was a hard worker who nonetheless had a penchant for pranks. A favorite Carey play, as told by Brother Hugh to two *Newaday* reporters: telling two businessmen different versions of the same story, then sitting back and enjoying the confrontation as each accuses the other of deception. After attending St. John's University, Carey started a small company to sell fuel oil to homeowners but soon saw the big money in industrial markets.

Then, after World War II, Carey founded New England Petroleum to supply large commercial users (Brother Hugh was an executive until his entry into politics in 1960) and steadily expanded it. Among other things, Ed Carey foresaw in the 1960s that pollution concerns would force utilities to burn more low-sulfur oil and built a giant refinery in the Bahamas to process it for them.

Married 34 years and the father of three grown children, Ed was forced to slow down two years ago after open-heart surgery. That caused him to start looking hard for a successor; if he has found one, no one knows who it is. Yet he has retained the incisive, logical mind that is respected throughout the industry—and a strong independence. In a stand that Governor Hugh's party strongly opposes, he favors decontrol of domestic oil prices. But he opposes import quotas and tariffs. "I just don't understand why we argue with the Arabs to lower the price of oil and then go out and put a tax on it," he says, voicing a sentiment that his brother doubtless would approve.

AUTOS

"Ten Years Is Enough"

Few U.S. companies have been hit harder by the recession than Chrysler Corp. Its losses have mounted—\$94.1 million in the first quarter of 1975—and so has the pressure on its chairman, Lynn Townsend. Vacationing in Hawaii last month, Townsend decided that at 56 he had struggled with the problems of the nation's third largest automaker long enough. Last week he turned over the wheel to his hand-picked successor, John Riccardo, 51.

Like Townsend, Riccardo is a former accountant (both came into Chrysler from the auditing firm of Touche Ross) who has a reputation for being a cold-blooded cost cutter. Riccardo's replacement as president will be Executive Vice President Eugene Cafiero, 49, an affable, up-from-the-ranks production

expert and the first member of Chrysler's top management since the early 1950s with a strong automotive background. Both men have won high marks for their performance at Chrysler so far: directors took just six minutes last week to approve their promotions.

Tough Decisions. Townsend's decision to retire even as a director on Oct. 1 caught the industry by surprise. At a Detroit press conference he rejected any suggestion that creditors or directors had hastened his departure. Later he expounded to *TIME* Correspondent Edward J. Boyer on the pressures of "14 stress-filled years" at the top: "I can't remember a day or week when I wasn't making decisions that would have an impact on this entire company. I never remember a period of relaxation when I wasn't concerned with some element of business. I do believe we ask more of an individual than we should when we ask him to bear the brunt of these decisions for an extended period of time. Ten years is long enough for a chairman or president." He feels able to leave now, Townsend said, because Chrysler's outlook is brightening, and the company should make a profit by the fourth quarter.

Even so, Riccardo and Cafiero face some tough decisions of their own if they are to make Chrysler consistently profitable. They will need to further revamp its product line, which is currently top-heavy with models that have sold poorly in spite of cash rebates. But the company has far less money than either GM or Ford to spend on developing new models. Its share of 15% now from 19% five years ago, mainly because, according to critics, Chrysler has paid too much attention to engineering and bookkeeping and not enough to figuring out what car buyers really want. "We've been criticized for being dominated by financial guys who had little feel for the market," acknowledges one Chrysler insider. By turning over the company to Riccardo and Cafiero now, he adds, Chrysler will have "better balance at the top."

LYNN TOWNSEND, ANNOUNCING HIS RETIREMENT, FLANKED BY NEW CHAIRMAN JOHN RICCARDO (LEFT) AND NEW PRESIDENT EUGENE CAFIERO





WARREN WHEELER IN COCKPIT OF ONE OF HIS PLANES

AVIATION

Wheeling Wheeler

Compared with those of, say United, the friendly skies of North Carolina-based Wheeler Airlines do not seem to amount to much. The line's fleet consists of three red, white and blue eight-passenger Cessna 402s. Its route map includes such eastern North Carolina points as Elizabeth City and Morehead City, small towns that were abandoned some time ago by larger carriers. But tiny Wheeler can claim at least two distinctions. Its president, principal stockholder and part-time pilot, Warren Wheeler, 31, has a unique way of keeping up with the competition: besides being the boss of Wheeler, he is a senior copilot with Piedmont Airlines, a regional carrier that flies some of the same routes as Wheeler. At the same time, the lanky young executive is a black and, so far as he knows, the head of the first and only black-owned scheduled air carrier in the U.S.

Postoperative Flight. Wheeler Airlines has 32 employees, including seven pilots, of whom one is black. The common denominator of the staff is enthusiasm. Says Bill Kempfer, 29, who triples as back-up pilot, public relations man and investigator of new route opportunities: "To work for Wheeler, you have to love flying." That certainly goes for the boss. Last month Wheeler had an appendectomy: a few days after the operation, with surgical staples still in his abdomen, he flew two round trips between Raleigh and Charlotte, then returned to the hospital for removal of the staples. Others among Wheeler's staff are equally eager. Recently, when the mini-airline inaugurated midday service from Charlotte to Raleigh-Durham Airport (Wheeler's headquarters), Pilot Richard Jeffords Jr., 23, helped passengers fill out tickets, loaded suitcases aboard the airplane, took the controls on the 60-minute, 130-mile flight, tax-

ied to a stop, and unloaded the bags. Says Jeffords: "It's all in a day's work."

Airstruck since boyhood, Wheeler chose flying over the family business; his father, John H. Wheeler, is president of Durham's prosperous Mechanics and Farmers Bank. Young Wheeler left North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University after a year, enrolled in flying school in Oklahoma, and got a commercial license at 19. At 22, he was hired by Piedmont as one of its youngest—and first black—pilots. A few years later, he took a leave of absence to start a charter flying service, partly with loans from the Small Business Administration. In August 1973 he drew up a schedule and put his single plane to a new use: Wheeler Airlines was born.

In its first month, Wheeler flew just 208 passengers; recently the line has been carrying more than 1,000 passengers a month, mostly commuting businessmen, and revenues are up to more than \$20,000 a month. Wheeler, however, has yet to earn a profit. The federal subsidy (up to \$140,000 this year) that the line receives to provide service to shore and rural areas does not quite cover losses on these routes, although Wheeler has been able to break even or better on its popular and completely unsubsidized intercity commuter schedules. Wheeler, who pays himself less than \$10,000 a year, would like to drop subsidized service altogether at some point. Says he: "It's holding us back."

Yet Wheeler sees a bright future for commuter airlines like his. With traffic rising steadily, he is contemplating adding flights to Richmond and Baltimore during the next two years. Piedmont appears unworried, even though Wheeler already competes with his employer between Raleigh, Charlotte and Norfolk. "They say do your own thing," says Wheeler. And he has. Not long ago, Wheeler turned down a promotion to captain at Piedmont because the added flying duties would cut into the time he needs to nurture his airline.

SPORT

Make Way For Washington

For a young, untested outfielder, it is hard to imagine a bleaker prospect than trying to break into the majors with the Oakland A's. Where can he play? Superstar Reggie Jackson owns right, fleet Bill North roams center like a gazelle, and modest Joe Rudi is known as the best leftfielder in baseball. Most teen-age players would cast a glance at that outfield and sign up with another club or resign themselves to ten years in the minors. Not Claudell Washington. He had an A's contract at age 17, starred in the World Series last year at 20, and this season has taken over leftfield and was chosen to be a member of the American League squad in this week's All-Star game in Milwaukee.

Washington's bat forced the A's to switch Rudi to first base. As a rookie last season, Claudell hit a solid .285. During the World Series against the Dodgers, he rocketed to .571. As of last week he was leading the team in hitting with a .317 average. A line-drive specialist, his 47 RBIs left him only four behind Team Leader Jackson, who says, "Claudell is just the best young ballplayer I've ever seen come into the league." The owner of the A's, Charlie Finley, is quick to agree. During a game in Chicago, after Washington singled to drive in a run, stole second and scored on a wild pitch, Finley walked into the press box to announce he was giving Washington a \$10,000 raise.

A muscular 6 ft., 190 lbs., Washing-

CLAUDELL WASHINGTON OF THE OAKLAND A'S



SPORT

ton whips his 34-oz. bat across the plate with a fluid, level swing, rifling his line drives in all directions. He has startling speed (32 stolen bases so far this year).

Remarkably, Washington can do all this although a doctor told him in spring training that he has an irregular heartbeat. Washington suffers occasional fainting spells; last week he passed out twice at home and then underwent some medical tests, the results of which were still unknown.

There is no question that his confidence is robust. Says Washington: "I knew I was good the first time I picked up a bat." That was when he was eleven, but Washington did not flip for baseball at the time. In fact, he shunned it all the way through Berkeley High School in Berkeley, Calif., where his real passion was basketball. (Small by basketball standards, Washington leaps so high that he has time to dunk two balls on the same jump.) During the summers he played baseball on a city team, and it was there in 1972 that A's Scout Jim Guinn signed him. Guinn, who had spotted Washington playing at age 13, had no competition, since nobody else even knew about the boy. Washington graduated in two years from Birmingham to the A's.

For Washington, playing for Oakland has not been easy. His fielding was erratic and his throwing weak at first, and Joe Rudi did not like the idea of switching to first base. Shy and slightly awed by his teammates, the rookie kept to himself and worked. This year he parades of some team high jinks and even teases North and Jackson occasionally. He has no doubt about where he is headed. Surveying Jackson's lavish Berkeley Hills condominium overlooking San Francisco, Washington says: "One day I'm going to have all this—and more." For starters, he is going to use his hefty salary increase to help buy his housekeeper mother a new home.

Could Ruffian Have Been Saved?

It began as the race of the year when the two horses broke from the starting gate at New York's Belmont Park for the much-ballyhooed mile-and-a-quarter match race. The contest between the record-breaking three-year-old filly Ruffian, winner in all ten of her starts and holder of the filly's Triple Crown for 1975, and the Kentucky Derby-winning colt Foolish Pleasure



RUFFIAN, LEG SHATTERED, REARS IN ANGUISH

was a perfect Him v. Her extravaganza for the 50,764 people at Belmont and for millions watching on CBS, which put up \$350,000 to televise the event. Then, 3½ furlongs and some 35 seconds into the race, with Ruffian slightly ahead, there was a sharp snap. "Like a pistol shot," said the filly's jockey Jacinto Vasquez. Ruffian's right front ankle had cracked. The cheering faded as the afflicted horse pounded on, then slowed to a stop with the fragile sesamoid bones above the hoof completely shattered. Within nine hours Ruffian was dead, put down with the assent of her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Janney Jr. Ruffian's death came as an enormous blow to the racing fraternity. But for sportswriters and just plain enthusiasts, it was a beginning of controversy over the cause of the accident and the quality of medical treatment the stricken Ruffian received.

There were immediate charges that the track was unusually fast that day, and thus too hard for Ruffian's legs. Replied Track Superintendent Joe King vehemently: "The day of the race, the 3½-inch sandy loam surface was normal, and we had normal moisture conditions." Other observers felt that Ruffian's first match race placed her under unusual stress. Noted one racehorse owner, "When you figure that 1,125 lbs. are being carried on cannon bones as thick as broomsticks, it is a wonder that such an accident doesn't happen more often." However, another compelling hypothesis emerged days after the tragedy, when a film showed four pigeons flapping off from the track as the two horses approached, seeming to startle Ruffian. Vasquez doubts the the-

ory: "We see those birds every day. Most horses don't bother with them. No, this was a freaky accident. If she had shied away from the birds, I would have felt it."

The medical treatment given the huge filly caused more comment. Immediately after Ruffian, her foreleg in an air-inflated splint, was moved to her trainer's barn, a mob of doctors, track officials and hangers-on descended. Questions arose over the drugs that Veterinary Dr. Alex Harthill administered, which, some charge, worsened the horse's physical condition during surgery—though perhaps any sedation might have. Harthill's presence in itself was controversial since he does not have a New York license and had been disciplined by the Kentucky state racing commission for giving an illegal painkiller to one of the 1968 Derby contestants.

The decision for a quick operation also raised doubts. In retrospect, Veterinary Dr. William O. Reed, who runs the hospital, remarked, "I would have preferred to have been able to wait a day or so prior to surgery simply because the filly's condition was anything but stable." But most believed that the contamination in Ruffian's dirt-filled wound required an immediate operation. Once Ruffian was trucked to the equine hospital behind the Belmont track, Dr. Reed removed bone chips, repaired some of the ripped ligaments, flushed the wound with antibiotics and saline solutions and inserted drains. Then Dr. Edward C. Keefer, an orthopedist, put on a cast and special shoe.

Untimely Death. The second-guessing among the experts was intense. Some questioned the failure to use more care in easing Ruffian out of the anaesthesia. When she awoke, she knocked off her cast in frenzy, which led to the decision to destroy her. Would other methods of treatment have worked? Continuous sedation is unrealistic because a horse lying too long on its side develops radial paralysis; placing a horse in a sling often impairs circulation and waste elimination and could cause death; finally, putting a horse on a rubber raft in a pool, so that kicking off a cast becomes impossible, is still an experimental technique. At week's end Jack Dreyfus, chairman of the board of the New York racing association, said, "The inadequacy of knowing what to do was the problem. It happened to strike an area of incompetence in the whole industry." Meantime, Ruffian had been buried quietly at Belmont, mourned by millions who knew little of racing but were moved by the untimely death of a great horse.

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Battle for the Fatherland

When Hitler's armies marched into the Soviet Union in 1941, the Russian people's fight for survival inspired Sergei Prokofiev to write an opera that would embody their struggle. His hugely ambitious choice for a story: Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. What he finally produced in 1943, however, was written in an almost schizoid style—part introspective love story, part heroic showpiece—that was difficult to grasp, easy to misunderstand. Stalin's commissars gave only grudging approval, demanded more pageantry and patriotic fervor. At his death in 1953, the composer was still rewriting the work. He never saw it fully staged.

Passion and Despair. *War and Peace* is finally catching on. In 1973 the work was chosen to open the new Sydney Opera House. A year ago in Boston, Sarah Caldwell presided over the first U.S. staging. Last week in New York, at long last, the Bolshoi Opera unveiled the production of *War and Peace* that it has been performing in Moscow since 1959. With chandeliers shining, cannons roaring, soldiers marching and Moscow burning, it was, as it should have been, spectacular. Coming along as the fifth of six productions offered by the Bolshoi during its current American debut at the Metropolitan Opera (TIME, July 7), *War and Peace* reaffirmed the Bolshoi's eminence as one of Europe's great opera houses.

Prokofiev's opera might as well have been called *Peace and War*. It starts well along in the Tolstoy novel, with Prince Andrei Bolkonsky on a visit to Count Rostov's country estate, musing on the seeming emptiness of his life, then discovering Rostov's beautiful daughter Natasha. That and the next six scenes depict, with a mixture of passion, in-

trigue and despair, the decadent social life of prewar Russia. The last six scenes are devoted to the French invasion of 1812. Napoleon struts nervously (to the accompaniment of diabolic fanfares in brass), while Russian Field Marshal Kutuzov praises the people and plots the invader's doom ("The beast will be wounded with all the strength of Russia"). There is little continuity in the libretto written by Prokofiev and his second wife. Prokofiev was dramatizing only a series of focal points in the story that all his audiences know. In a final chorus ("We went to battle for our fatherland"), the Russian people declare themselves the victors and heroes of the opera.

The strength of the Bolshoi's first-night performance—from the blasting power of both chorus and orchestra to the sensitive, rich-voiced singing of Soprano Makvala Kasrashvili as Natasha and Baritone Yuri Mazurok as Andrei—lay in the company's willingness to take *War and Peace* for what it is and never what it is not. It is an epic; but unlike the heroes of Verdi or Wagner, Napoleon and Kutuzov never meet face to face, nor do we ever see Andrei suffer his fatal wound, nor can Natasha save him. But although *War and Peace* is no lyric drama, Prokofiev is capable of remarkably delicate touches, like the soft rasping of strings that evoke the delirium of Andrei's death scene.

War and Peace will be one of the major attractions next week when the Bolshoi moves on to the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. So will *Boris Godunov*, which opened the Bolshoi's New York stand, as well as the two major Tchaikovsky operas that followed:

EUGENE ONEGIN. Drawn from Pushkin by the composer and his librettist friend Konstantin Shilovsky, this is an exquisitely melancholy romance about a girl (Natasha) who grows up and a cad (Onegin) who does not. The Bolshoi production dates from 1944, and the company treats it with veneration. Chekhov could hardly have

asked for a better autumnal mood than that of the opening at the manor house. Among several casts, the singing of Baritone Mazurok (Onegin) and Tenor Vladimir Atlantov (Lensky) is solidly sonorous, and as Tatiana, Tamara Milashkina sings with a full lyric voice that is gratifyingly free of the shrill vibrato heard from so many Russian sopranos.

PIQUE DAME. This is another marvelous blend of the Tchaikovsky-Pushkin talents telling the unhappy tale of an obsessive gambler named Hermann who makes a pact with the dead to win a fortune. The singing on the first night (again Atlantov, Mazurok and Milashkina) was excellent, but here, as on several other occasions, the real stars were Conductor Yuri Simonov, 34, and his powerhouse orchestra, who seize upon each moment of melodrama. "Whatever is written in the score should be heard," says Simonov, echoing his idol, the late Arturo Toscanini. That goes for voices too. Simonov has a knack for allowing key vocal phrases to come through, while keeping the orchestra down but precisely audible. This *Pique Dame* production is a relatively youthful eleven years old; it too is evocative.

What *Onegin* and *Pique Dame* have in common with everything else done by the Bolshoi is a strong sense of *esprit*, unity and permanence. In the best Stanislavsky tradition, this is a troupe that performs as a dedicated ensemble. That can be heard in the sheer might of sound that comes from the orchestra and chorus, which can mean only one thing: each member is performing as though his life depends on it. It can be found in the fact that the Bolshoi stars regularly perform at the Bolshoi, rarely on the international jet circuit. Nor are those stars above lending strength to a performance by taking secondary roles now and then, as when Mazurok sings the small role of the secretary of the Duma in *Boris*. During a rehearsal in New York, one singer began to chatter on stage. The others shooshed her. Stars at the Bolshoi, *da*. Prima donnas, *nyet*. ■ William Bender

KUTUZOV BEFORE BATTLE WITH NAPOLEON



BALLROOM SCENE FROM ACT I OF BOLSHOI'S WAR AND PEACE



The Chinese Look: Mao à la Mode

For Western chic, this is the year of the coolie who came in from the cold. Starting last spring, when the first Chinese-inspired fashions swept Paris, European and American designers have been having a collective field day re-decorating workers' uniforms and baggy pants, overblouses and quilted jackets. The style might be called Mao à la mode. Now, with the fall collections, American couturiers have gone from paddy to palace, digging deep into the treasure chest of Imperial China. Result: high-collared mandarin robes, silk jacquard jackets, sable-lined evening coats of old damask and golden-embroidered pajamas, all done up in poses of color pirated from the Orient (see color opposite).

Why the Chinese Look? The reopening of East-West trade was a major impetus. Commune-style jackets imported from the People's Republic caught the fancy of the young in Paris two years ago as an alternative to the standard jeans and T shirts. "For the past ten years in the West, the fashion emphasis has been on 'the uniform,'" says American Designer Mary McFadden.

"We had to have some resurrection of beautiful fabric and fantasy, and when you go to fantasy you must go ethnic."

This is by no means the first appearance of a Chinese look. Nor is the look exclusively Chinese; the fashion embraces ideas and accents from almost anywhere east of Suez. Designer McFadden's opulent coats are batiked and hand-painted in Java, and other items in her collection speak variously of Japan, Mongolia and the Middle East. The style, says another American designer, Jonathan Hitchcock, "includes anything Eastern—Tibetan, Persian, Indian. It is a much more primitive way of making

cheong-sam dresses in clingy silk knits with side buttoning and frog fasteners down the front. The look, Adolfo allows, "is very sexy. It is cut to show the tummy, and if you have a little tummy, it shows that too. Men like it very much." So does the Duchess of Windsor, who was carried away by a polka-dotted sheath at an Adolfo show.

Like Adolfo, Seventh Avenue Designer Albert Capraro (TIME, March 24) believes that the Oriental look is inherently "very feminine, very flattering." His proof: slender, square-sleeved tunics and pajama tops in the colors of Chinese porcelains—mandarin blue, combinations of pink, gray and violet. American Bill Blass has his own variation of the quilted coolie jacket and long, slinky dress, but says, "What I really like is to take something typically Chinese and do it in a Scots plaid." Yet Blass does this only for his ready-to-wear line, preferring to remain faithful to silks in his couture collection (up to \$5,000 an item).

Good Stuff. Like the clothes, bangles and beads range from Chinatown-cheap to Cathay-costly. Cinnabar bead necklaces with cloisonné pendants, made by M. & J. Savitt's in Manhattan, sell for up to \$285. Plastic imitations go for as little as \$15. Kenneth Lane's costume-jewelry collection features boudles of glass beads, worn in long, elaborate necklaces. Other accouterments, such as coolie hats and sea-grass bags, are more for fun than fashion.

The face atop the chinoiserie should be, of course, inscrutable—also fragile, round and pallid, with pouty lips and almond eyes. The Anna May Wong hairdo has returned as the "China Doll." Louis, of Manhattan's Louis-Guy D Salomon, which is doing 40 China cuts a day, predicts that the chop will be selling like suey just about everywhere within six months.

Any fashion can go too far. Not every man wants—or can afford—a Dragon Lady. In practice, few women will try to look Chinese above the neck. The clothes themselves can be bought quite cheaply. The California firm of Tea Shirts has a line of \$40 cotton over blouses with embroidered appliques cut from old Chinese tablecloths. Blouses, Happy coats and sad-sack pants are moderately priced in most Chinatowns. Non-Sinologists should be cautious, however. On the Star Ferry in Hong Kong, Author Dennis Bloodworth relates, he and his Chinese wife Ping once observed a young English girl in a smart cotton dress decorated with a string of Chinese characters. The girl, noted Ping, must have found the fabric hanging in the window of some small store. "There's nothing very odd about that," replied Bloodworth. "No," said Ping. "Except, you see, the characters say, 'Good stuff inside: price cheap.'"



CHINA-CHOP HAIR STYLE
Selling like suey.

clothes—simple and functional yet sophisticated." And versatile. Fashions like Hitchcock's side-wrapped, hip-length "Tibetan" jacket can be worn year-round. Moreover, the less extreme Chinese fashions seem unlikely to go out of style. The look, says Joan Sibley, of Sibley & Coffee, a Manhattan design firm, "is elegant and classic. It is not really a fad."

Even Paris-based Kenzo Takada, whose Chinese-inspired collection helped start fashion's current Orient Express rolling last spring, concentrated at first on supple, sensuous clothes with a low hip line. The Japanese-born Kenzo noted that his styles "had affinities with the Chinese look, so we carried on the Chinese line." Among the first U.S. designers to introduce proletarian posh was Cinnamon Wear's Britta, whose workers' drop-shouldered jackets and raincoats flopped like wet rice when they came out last year; now the firm has trouble keeping up with demand.

Today the designer who has most faithfully interpreted classic Chinese styles is a Cuban-born American: Adolfo. His fall collection is heavy on crocheted pajamas and slim, high-collared

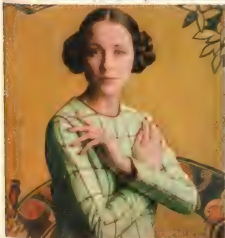


KENZO'S EVENING TUNIC & TROUSERS



Blass's red coolie jacket, McFadden's multicolored tunic, Sibley & Coffey's green silk top, Capraro's damask pajama top.

McFadden's jade green quilted suit, Hitchcock's side-wrapped goose-down jacket, Adolfo's red crocheted pajamas.



A man and a woman are on a beach. The woman, in a red one-piece swimsuit, is walking towards the left. The man, in a black wetsuit with a yellow belt, is standing near the back of a green car with its trunk open. The car has a California license plate that reads "EDY CALIFORNIA".

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Regular and Menthol

HOW THE U.S.-U.S.S.R. LINKUP WILL WORK



SCIENCE

COVER STORY

Apollo-COHO3: Appointment in Space

"Soyuz, Soyuz, zdes Apollon. Vy v nashem pole zreniya, i my tormozim..."

Sometime near midday Thursday, if all goes according to the intricate schedules devised on two distant continents, U.S. Astronaut Thomas Stafford will speak into his microphone aboard his Apollo spacecraft and deliver this message* or something like it in his Oklahoma-accented Russian to another spacecraft a few miles away. Stafford's transmission, broadcast live to millions on earth 137 miles below, will mark the beginning of a Soviet-American rendezvous in space freighted—unduly, some would argue—with scientific, political and frankly show-biz ambitions.

Soon after Stafford and his fellow Apollo crewmen, Donald K. ("Deke") Slayton and Vance Brand, establish direct communications with Soviet Cosmonauts Aleksei Leonov and Valery Kubasov aboard their Soyuz spacecraft, the U.S. trio will begin maneuvering for a delicate celestial embrace with the Soviets that would have seemed an improbable science-fiction fantasy only a decade ago.

Described rather prosaically in the press brochures as ASTP (for Apollo-Soyuz Test Project), the great U.S.-Soviet appointment in space is a considerable undertaking. If it succeeds, it will be the first international docking in space. While the mission involves no

skills that are not already within the proven capability of both sides, it is no small technical and managerial feat to link up two spacecraft that are of different design and have been launched from pads 6,500 miles apart, and briefly bridge—for four days of pursuit, docking and undocking—two radically different technologies, languages and social systems. Says NASA's deputy administrator George Low: "We are opening the door for many more cooperative efforts in the future."

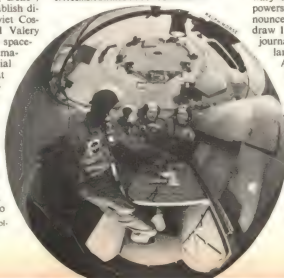
A good many doors have already been pried open to bring about this week's costly, cosmic spectacular. The flight was preceded by some 2,000 hours of training by the American and Soviet

crewmembers and back-up teams in Houston, Cape Canaveral and Star City, the cosmonaut complex outside Moscow. There was also close cooperation by U.S. and Soviet design and engineering teams, as well as delicate diplomatic negotiations that go back five years and, ultimately, to 1961, when President John Kennedy, in a light moment at his Vienna summit with Nikita Khrushchev, suggested to the Soviet Premier: "Let's go to the moon together." Khrushchev's reply: "Why not?"

While the mission itself is demanding enough technologically, what seemed to concern Washington and Moscow most as the final countdown approached was its public relations and propaganda possibilities in an era of wary détente between the two superpowers. Local officials happily announced that the Apollo launch would draw 1 million visitors and some 3,000 journalists to Cape Canaveral—the largest lift-off turnout there since Apollo 17 blasted off on the last manned flight to the moon in 1972. With active encouragement from the Administration, the three major U.S. television networks laid plans to pool their resources for an unprecedented total of more than 30 hours of live coverage, beginning with the Soyuz lift-off in remote Kazakhstan on Tuesday and continuing on through the Apollo splashdown in the Pacific next week, nine days after the start of the exercise.

By its own usually reticent

SPACEMEN DINING IN SOYUZ MOCK-UP



*Translation: "Soyuz, Soyuz, this is Apollo. We have you in sight..."

THE APOLLO-SOYUZ SCHEDULE

(Eastern daylight time)



standards, the Soviet Union was on a veritable ASTP binge. Moscow issued commemorative Apollo-Soyuz postage stamps, printed lavish brochures on the mission and even invited the American ambassador, Walter Stoessel, to watch the Soyuz blast-off from the once secret launch site near Baikonur, in central Asia; the Soviet ambassador to Washington, Anatoly Dobrynin, will attend the Apollo launch at Cape Canaveral.

Bringing Madison Avenue to Moscow, a Soviet perfume factory created a new scent called "EPAS" (for Experimental Project Apollo-Soyuz); it will sell for \$50.75 a bottle in Russia and \$10 a bottle in the U.S. Smiles one Soviet official: "In the U.S. it will be called cologne, but here we'll call it perfume." Moscow's Yava cigarette factory is producing a new brand of smokes, "Soyuz-Apollo," that will also be sold in the U.S. Why smoke Soyuz-Apollo? Says Yava Manager Nikolai Kashtanov: "It is a great honor to pay tribute to Soviet-American cooperation in this way."

Most remarkable of all, for the first time Soviet citizens will be able to see Soyuz lift-off live on their home TV sets. Soviet and American planners worked for months to draw up a mission sequence (see chart) that would allow live coverage of the main ASTP events—including the Thursday docking and the Stafford-Lemonov press conference on

Friday—during daylight hours so as to reach the largest possible worldwide TV audience.

One critical hang-up in the pre-mission planning involved programming the much ballyhooed Stafford-Leonov handshake two hours after the docking. Originally, this was supposed to occur in the narrow, 4½-ft.-wide docking module joining the two spacecraft. But when it was discovered that this would allow the TV cameras to show only the white-suited backsides of the two commanders as they crouched in the tunnel, the site for the handshake was shifted to the larger docking collar attached to the Apollo, where the men can stand up

Other prickly points of national pride and prestige came up. What language would Leonov and Stafford use for the greeting that would be heard round the world? Moscow and Washington solemnly agreed that Stafford would use his nasal Russian, Leonov his casual English. Where would the historic rendezvous occur? The Russians insisted that the linkup should be over Soviet soil, arguing that their ground controllers need "real time" communications with Soyuz during the critical approach and docking maneuvers and could not depend on delayed information relayed via satellites and tracking stations. Citing similar considerations,

SCIENCE

NASA argued for a meeting over U.S. territory. Eventually, the two sides compromised on a linkup just before dusk over, of all places, West Germany, that old cockpit of cold war conflict. Reason: it allowed both sides direct radio contact with their ships.

At times, the Soviets carried the space gamesmanship a mile too far for NASA's taste. For example, the fat, 204-page press kit released by the Russians contained some surprises for U.S. planners: it described six space experiments to be carried out during ASTP, mostly photographic and biological in nature, that the Soviets had never even mentioned to the Americans before. The U.S. had faithfully advised their Soviet counterparts of all 21 planned American experiments months in advance. More embarrassing to NASA, the Soviets casually let it be known only two weeks ago that they probably would keep the two cosmonauts who have been circling the earth in the Salyut 4 space lab since the end of May in space through ASTP. That was clearly a bit of orbital one-upmanship: the Russians would have two separate teams in space during the joint mission against the lone American crew.

More important, it raised questions about whether Soviet controllers had sufficient capability to safely manage two missions simultaneously. Carl Duckett, the CIA's deputy director for science and technology, expressed deep doubts about that last month in testimony before Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire's Senate subcommittee on appropriations. In response, Proxmire urged NASA to postpone the mission until the Salyut cosmonauts returned to earth. But NASA officials rejected the idea, saying that they had full confidence in the Soviet flight controllers.

The Soviet shenanigans helped to fuel much pre-launch grumbling in and around Washington about whether the Apollo-Soyuz trip was really necessary at all. Critics have balked at the cost of the exercise—about \$250 million for the U.S. alone. Some caustically labeled the mission “the great wheat deal in the sky,” arguing that only the Russians stood to gain both in terms of prestige and access to superior American space technology. Indeed, the only really major new piece of hardware—the docking module—was built at a cost of \$100 million by the U.S., though the Russians collaborated in its design. Examples like this are frequently cited by critics of U.S.-Soviet cooperation, among them exiled Russian author Alexander Solzhenitsyn (see *box page 56*), who worries that détente can be too easily exploited by Moscow.

In any case, problems with hardware appeared to be minimal as the launch countdown approached late last week. In a final simulated rehearsal, controllers in Houston and Baikonur threw the separated (but electronically linked) Apollo and Soyuz crews a series

of 20 surprise problems. Tass reported spiritedly: "Aleksei Leonov and Thomas Stafford cracked these hard nuts in a matter of seconds." Which was reassuring. Though ASTP is billed as practice for possible future space rescue, only Apollo is large enough to bring all five men down to earth. The much smaller Soyuz is too cramped to carry more than its own two crewmen.

For all the hoopla, the mission, like every venture into unforgiving space, will have genuine drama. Leonov and Kubasov will lift off in their insect-shaped Soyuz at 8:20 a.m. E.D.T. on Tuesday and swing into a lopsided orbit up to 142 miles above the earth. Seven and a half hours later, at 3:50 p.m. E.D.T., Stafford, Brand and Slayton will blast off from Cape Canaveral in their

Apollo Command ship atop a Saturn IB rocket into a slightly lower orbit. An hour later Apollo will separate from its second-stage Saturn booster; it will then pivot 180°, nuzzle its nose against the rocket and pull out the docking module, which is the vital link between the Soviet and American ships.

By Thursday—docking day—Apollo will have settled into a path roughly

The Extraterrestrial All-Star Cast

THOMAS P. STAFFORD, 44, Apollo's Annapolis-trained commander, is an Air Force brigadier general, a coolly gifted pilot and co-author of two basic manuals on test flying. Stafford has logged 290 hr. 15 min. in space, dating back to his first Gemini flight in 1965 with Wally Schirra. In orbit, Math Whiz Stafford liked to amuse himself by using pad and pencil to race mission control's computers in solving maneuvering problems; sometimes he won. Stafford was born in Weatherford, Okla., and he and his wife Faye have two daughters. Though often nettled by Soviet secrecy during preparations for this week's mission, he managed to handle difficult situations with humor. Asked what he might tell his Soviet counterparts on their historic orbital meeting, Stafford deadpanned, "I thought I'd be extemporaneous, like, 'Where in the hell have you been the last two years?'"

VANCE D. BRAND, 44, the blond, boyish-looking command-module pilot, is the quiet man of the American crew. A former Marine Corps and civilian test pilot with a degree in aeronautical engineering from the University of Colorado, he joined the astronaut corps in 1966, and was a back-up crewman for several moon flights and Skylab. One of the pluses of being involved in the joint flight, says Brand, is "having an opportunity to see how another culture operates." Among his discoveries: spacemen are far better known in Russia than in the U.S. Not much interested

in publicity himself, Brand likes to spend his free time outdoors—hiking, camping, canoeing and skiing, often with his wife Joan and their four children.

DONALD K. ("DEKE") SLAYTON, 51, docking-module pilot, is the oldest and among the toughest and most outspoken Americans ever to orbit the earth. A ruggedly handsome World War II bomber pilot, Wisconsin-born Slayton studied aeronautical engineering at the University of Minnesota; he and his wife Marjory have an 18-year-old son. Slayton was one of the seven original Mercury astronauts. Only two months before his scheduled lift-off, however, doctors grounded him because of an occasional irregularity in his heartbeat. Bitterly disappointed ("I got zapped by a three-man board of civilian doctors who didn't examine me except for about two minutes with a stethoscope"), he continued to fight for a flight even after he quit the Air Force in 1963 and took over as NASA's director of flight-crew operations, which made him boss of all the astronauts. A physical-fitness nut who runs—not jogs—a brisk two miles a day, Slayton finally found a cardiologist who was willing to certify him for space—and a coveted seat on the joint flight. Says the graying space rookie: "For some people life begins at 40, for me it's going to be more like 50+."

ALEKSEI A. LEONOV, 41, Soyuz's amiable, roly-poly commander, is a miner's son who has become a genuine Soviet folk hero. One of the original group of

cosmonauts along with Yuri Gagarin—the first man in space—Leonov won his own place in history when he took the first "walk" in orbit in 1965. A skilled pilot and parachutist, the air force colonel is also an accomplished artist who mixes space with other themes, including religious symbols, for which he might be rebuked by party ideologues if he were not so popular. He will have pen and paper along on the ASTP flight, and plans to include the sketches in his next exhibition. Easy with quips, he told Fellow Baldpate Stafford that they would probably lose their hair together in space. Before the launch, Leonov's wife Svetlana, the mother of their two daughters, told him to "be more serious during the TV transmission," advice he may or, more likely, may not follow.

VALERY N. KUBASOV, 40, Soyuz's shy and quiet flight engineer, usually defers to his bouncy skipper in public, but is every bit as competent. A mechanic's son, he studied engineering, won a place on the staff of the late academician Sergei Korolev, the longtime anonymous "chief designer" of the Soviet space effort, and became a cosmonaut in 1966. He and his wife Ludmilla, an aeronautical engineer, have two children. In 1969, Kubasov became the first man to weld metal in the vacuum of space, a skill that will be essential when large space stations are assembled in orbit. Usually a no-nonsense technocrat, he was so pleased with this exploit that he burst into song in space—not a bad place, his colleagues later reported, for a fellow who cannot carry a tune.

SLAYTON, BRAND, STAFFORD, KUBASOV & LEONOV SITTING ON DOCKING MODULE MOCK-UP DURING HOUSTON TRAINING SESSION



SCIENCE

ten miles below Soyuz's. Using its greater fuel capacity and maneuverability, Apollo will begin to chase Soyuz round the globe. Finally, on its 29th orbit, when both ships are approaching Chile, Apollo will have moved within only a mile of Soyuz. Closing in on its quarry, Apollo will sweep under Soyuz, which will have pitched around to face the U.S. ship. By now, both spacecraft will be passing eastward over Europe. When the ships are ready to dock at about noon E.D.T. on Thursday, they will be coasting high over West Germany.

For the Americans, the meeting should be "a piece of cake," as they put it. They have been rendezvousing and docking spacecraft since the Gemini program in 1965. The only new wrinkle: the presence of the 10-ft. 4-in.-long cylindrical docking module, which obscures the command pilot's view during the final approach. As a help in making last alignments, Stafford will use radio ranging signals.

Once the ships are firmly linked, Stafford and Slayton will crawl out of Apollo into the docking module. It not only provides a connecting tunnel but also serves as a sophisticated air lock that allows gradual equalization of pressure between the different environments of the two ships.

When the air lock is finally opened, Stafford and Leonov will perform their televised handshake and exchange symbolic gifts: flags, medals and seeds of white spruce and birch from the two countries. During the two days the ships are together, each of the spacemen will visit the other ship at least once. Leonov

will give American television viewers a guided tour of Soyuz in English; Stafford will do the honors aboard Apollo in Russian.

The spacemen will also dine together. The Apollo crewmen will treat Leonov to a meal of potato soup, beefsteak, rye bread and cheese, strawberries and tea with lemon. Most of the American food is dehydrated and requires the addition of water; the Russians prefer space food that is already in paste form. Brand will get a chance to test his skills on a Soviet chest-exercising device. On Friday, Stafford and Leonov are scheduled to hold a joint press conference, fielding reporters' questions from Houston and Moscow.

At 8:02 a.m. E.D.T. on Saturday, after 44 hours of orbital togetherness, the ships will separate. They will link up once again briefly in a test of the Soviet docking mechanism. About three hours later, the spacemen will bid each other a final *do svedanya* and goodbye.

Traveling in a slightly lower orbit and at a higher speed, Soyuz will gradually pull away from Apollo. Some 38 hours later, it will fire its braking rocket and enter an arcing course back to earth. At 6:51 a.m. E.D.T. next Monday, Soyuz is scheduled to land under its single giant parachute east of the Kazakhstan launch site. The Americans will remain in orbit another three days before their Pacific splashdown on July 24, performing a variety of different chores—some aimed at understanding more about the earth.

The mission involved no major technological breakthrough. In a sense, both Apollo and its 20-story Saturn IB boost-



MISSION HOOPLA: NEW "APOLLO-SOYUZ" CIGARETTES, SPACEMEN AT DISNEY WORLD, PEANUTS PATCH DESIGNED FOR NASA

er are antiques, having been built some nine years ago for the moon program. Still, unexpected gremlins can turn up in even the most time-tested equipment and procedures, witness the repeated difficulties encountered by the three Skylab missions in 1973.

The Soviets have amply demonstrated their determination to make the mission a success. In the past two years, they have thoroughly tested three Soyuz spacecraft and extensively overhauled the design following the 1971 hatch failure that killed three cosmo-

A Counterpoint to Cooperation

Some notes of discord and dissent could be heard amid the music of détente emanating from Washington and Moscow on the eve of the Apollo-Soyuz spectacular. As his six-week-long orbit of the U.S. continued last week, Russian Author Alexander Solzhenitsyn once again voiced his fears about hidden dangers in Soviet-American cooperation.

The occasion was an AFL-CIO banquet in Manhattan. As the celebrated exile prepared to speak, a dance band hired for the occasion tooted *La Vie en Rose*. Then Solzhenitsyn stood up. He appealed to Washington not to allow Moscow greater access to American technology, arguing that it will only strengthen Soviet military power. He ridiculed those who say that détente is necessary if the world is to avoid atomic holocaust: "I can set your minds at ease. There will be no nuclear war. Why do the Soviets need war when they can break off nation after nation, piece by piece, from the West?"

Solzhenitsyn's passionately stated

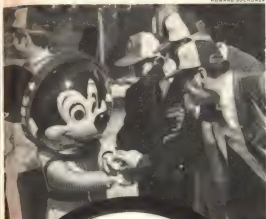


SOLZHENITSYN & WIFE NATALYA

doubts about détente are clearly being heard in the Administration. Two weeks ago, the mere suggestion by a conservative Senator that President Ford should meet the Nobel-prizewinning novelist was enough to throw the White House into a tizzy. The National Security Council solemnly advised against a presidential invitation, on grounds that Moscow would take offense. White House staffers subsequently passed the word that there would be no meeting because the author was just crassly promoting his books. Other aides suggested that Solzhenitsyn was "emotionally unstable." Washington Post Columnist George F. Will argued indignantly that détente had given Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev "veto power over the appointments calendar of the President." But last Saturday White House sources reported that Ford had changed his mind and was willing to meet with Solzhenitsyn. They stressed, however, that this did not mean an official endorsement of his views.

Solzhenitsyn has seemed to be delighted by his tour, which has so far brought him through Alaska, California,

HOWARD SCHURER



Oregon, several Midwest states and Washington and New York City. As one of his companions tells it, Solzhenitsyn is "in love" with the country and overwhelmed by its vitality. Americans, he believes, have not grasped the extent of their own untapped strength. Visiting the reconstructed colonial town of Williamsburg, Va., the author signed a guest book, adding: "With great respect and admiration for the tradition here preserved... Woe to those nations that cut off those traditions by severing them with an ax."

As it happens, when the Apollo and Soyuz spacemen blast off on Tuesday, Solzhenitsyn will be the guest of honor at a reception given by 24 Senators. In his speech, Solzhenitsyn plans to talk about his first impressions of America. Mindful of the Bicentennial, he may well repeat an observation he made in New York: "I was born a slave while you were born free. Why do you then help our slaveowners?" The timing of Solzhenitsyn's Senate appearance is pure coincidence, but it will stand as one man's dissent to the show going on the same day at Cape Canaveral and Baikonur.

nauts. Moreover, while the Americans had only one Apollo ready to launch, the Soviets prepared two Soyuz ships in case one developed a last-minute problem that could jeopardize the flight.

Neither side wanted to be responsible for the failure of a mission so long in the making. The Kennedy-Khrushchev overtures notwithstanding, the Russians showed a serious interest in a joint space act for the first time after the Americans proved their clear superiority in space by landing on the moon in 1969. Apollo 13's failure a year later added a new inducement to a joint mission: the obvious need for orbital rescue capability. President Richard Nixon and Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin formally agreed on a joint space mission at the 1972 Moscow Summit.

Technocrats on both sides began shaping plans and exchanging ideas in memos, telephone calls and meetings every three or four months. But the Americans kept running into a familiar obstacle: the Soviets' still compulsive secrecy. The Russians, for instance, know that U.S. spy satellites have taken minutely detailed photographs of their Baikonur cosmodrome, which launches both military and civilian space hardware. Still, the Soviets refuse to show the center on any maps; the name Baikonur actually refers to a city some 200 miles away. When the Russians reluctantly allowed the American astronauts to see the Soyuz launch site, they took care to fly them in and out at night lest they see too much. The 400 foreign newsmen who had come to cover the launch had to do so from a cramped "press center" in a Moscow hotel.

The Kremlin's enduring obsession with secrecy may at last partly reflect a residual sense of inferiority about Soviet technical skills. Until Stafford and his men made it plain that they would not fly the ASTP mission if they could not inspect their partners' hardware, the Russians refused even to show them Soyuz and its launcher. When the Americans finally saw the spacecraft, they realized why. The Soviet equipment seemed even less sophisticated than it had been reputed to be.

Unlike the Apollo ships, the Soyuzes lacked onboard computers, advanced inertial guidance systems and backup cooling and heating systems. Almost all activities aboard Soviet spacecraft are controlled from the ground, down to such trivial matters as shutting off lights at bedtime. NASA gives its astronauts almost total autonomy, a policy that paid off well in crises. Some Americans

groused openly about the "brute force" character of Soviet engineering. When NASA Administrator Thomas Fletcher learned that Tom Stafford was one of the more vocal grouseers, he warned all three astronauts against bad-mouthing a mission that had the blessing of the White House.

The spacemen themselves got along remarkably well, whether they were training in one another's simulators, attending Texas barbecues or rubbernecking at Florida's Disney World. All former military pilots (see box page 55), they soon became such good friends that they could kid one another about their language problems. The Soviets liked to joke that the mission had three official languages: Russian, English and Stafford's Oklahoma twang.

In different ways the mission is a milestone for both sides. The Russians see ASTP as an important step in perfecting techniques that will enable them to orbit space stations capable of accommodating up to 120 people for periods as long as ten years. Says Representative Don Fuqua, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Space Science and Applications: "The Russians may try to leap ahead, embarrass us if they can, with a 'surprise' in manned space."

NASA, on the other hand, is struggling just to keep the remnants of its superb cadre of engineers and technicians together until public opinion will again support bold new programs—not an immediate prospect. In fact, Congress appears on the verge of killing off another promising NASA project, an unmanned probe of the Venus atmosphere in 1978.

While it is a new beginning for the Soviets, ASTP represents the end of at least one road for the U.S. space program: it is the last flight of the Apollo family of spacecraft that carried Americans to the moon. Future astronauts will ride the much-heralded space shuttle, a re-usable craft that takes off vertically like a rocket and lands horizontally on a runway like an aircraft. Yet the shuttle is not due to make its first flight until 1978.

Meanwhile, the Russians are launching manned missions at the brisk rate of three a year—a pace that is, if nothing else, furnishing the Soviet Union with a burgeoning new class of popular heroes. For instance, the smiling, muscular face of Aleksei Leonov beams from stamps and magazine covers everywhere in Russia. "Everyone knows him!" says Vance Brand. Why the Soviet space mania? The reason, Brand speculates, may be that "the average Russian is not used to so much technology as the average American." Of course, another explanation could simply be that the Americans, unlike the Russians, have allowed their space effort to wind down sharply since those now distant-seeming moon landings. But that, as they are learning to say at Baikonur, is show biz.

MEDICINE

Curbs and Caveats

In a flurry of directives, studies and opinions, medical authorities last week confirmed, denied or disputed dangers involving personal health in a variety of areas:

ANTI-DIABETICS: FDA WARNING. The Food and Drug Administration acted in a long-simmering controversy about the safety of oral antidiabetic drugs. The agency announced that these drugs, now prescribed for 1.5 million adult diabetic patients annually, must now carry a strong warning that users face increased risk of dying of heart disease. The FDA's action stemmed from a five-year series of large-scale studies that found that the death rate from heart disease was twice as high among patients on oral antidiabetics as it was among patients whose conditions were being controlled by injectable insulin. Still, the debate about the drugs continues. Many physicians, among them several leading specialists on diabetes, challenge both the methods and conclusions of the studies, the most recent of which was published in the American Medical Association's *Journal* earlier this year.

One of those unconvinced by the published research is the A.M.A.'s executive vice president, James Sammons. Last February he sent a letter to state and county medical societies expressing his reservations about the study and urging doctors to use whatever medicines they felt were proper in treating diabetic patients. Against the advice of the A.M.A.'s general counsel, Sammons also allowed the Upjohn Co., the largest manufacturer of oral antidiabetics, to distribute copies of the letter to its salesmen. Some doctors felt this violated the spirit if not the letter of A.M.A. rules against product endorsements by physicians, but Sammons is unpersuaded on this issue too. "I would do it again," he said last week.

AEROSOL: A DEFENSE. Over the past two years, several scientists have become concerned about fluorocarbon propellants, used in aerosol sprays, drifting up through the stratosphere. In their doomsday scenario, these fluorocarbons break down to form chlorine atoms that gradually destroy the ozone shield protecting the earth from an overdose of the sun's ultraviolet rays; this, in turn, increases the risk that humans down on earth will develop skin cancer.

Last week the scenario was dismissed as "utter nonsense" by Richard Scorer, a leading British meteorologist. Scorer argued that the theory was based on an extremely simplified computer model that gives an inaccurate picture of the complicated chemical and meteorological processes of the upper atmo-



"Hey, Ma... Sis is pollutin' again!"

sphere. He also maintained that most of the chlorine entering the atmosphere comes from such natural causes as volcanic eruptions and the release of methyl chloride from certain seaweeds. Scorer's views put him in opposition to many scientists, who consider the atmosphere a fragile entity. Scorer believes the atmosphere is "the most robust and dynamic element in the environment." And, he adds, "man's activities have very little impact on it."

MARIJUANA: NEW STUDY. Most U.S. researchers insist that marijuana use poses serious health hazards and have linked the drug with chromosomal and immunological defects, lung damage and interference with speech and memory. But a team of anthropologists from the New York City-based Research Institute for the Study of Man, which spent two years studying marijuana users on the Caribbean island of Jamaica, concluded that although the drug causes inefficiency on the job, even among farm laborers, it does no apparent physical harm. The researchers noted that Jamaicans who smoke *ganja*, as the powerful, locally grown marijuana is called, take in ten to 25 times as much of the drug's active ingredient as American pot puffers.

In the course of week-long in-hospital examinations of 30 Jamaicans who routinely smoke an average of seven marijuana cigarettes a day, doctors found that they were more likely than non-smokers to exhibit hypoxia, a decrease of oxygen carried by the blood to the organs and tissues. But their heart rates, liver and lung functioning, coordination and memory were not significantly different from that of non-users. Critics of the new study feel it did not look long or closely enough to find the genetic and other defects previously shown to be associated with marijuana; they still believe the drug is harmful.

CINEMA

Eye of Fashion

NIGHT MOVES

Directed by ARTHUR PENN
Screenplay by ALAN SHARP

Night Moves suffers from the fact that it obviously derives from a body of work—Ross Macdonald's—that is currently held in high critical and popular esteem. But this movie ultimately pleases, in a modest way, because it overcomes its less than original origins. In its final hour, it turns first into a genuinely interesting puzzle, then into an exciting and suspenseful action film.

Harry Moseby (Gene Hackman) is almost indistinguishable from Novelist Macdonald's Lew Archer. Both are wearily honest Los Angeles private eyes, suffering the aftereffects of maimed childhoods but determined to remain loners in a corporate society. Archer's marriage, of course, went on the rocks before we met him, but Harry's is surely heading in that direction. Harry believes his wife (Susan Clark) may be fooling around. He shadows her like a suspect, confronts her like a criminal, and they make an uneasy peace. The main case Harry takes up, however, could have come straight from Archer's files: a troubled youngster searching for parental love.

Fatal Accident. The adolescent here is a runaway heiress (Melanie Griffith, daughter of Actress Tippi Hedren) whose obviously devious mother hires the shamus to find her. The search introduces him to plenty of colorful company, notably a movie stunt man, before he finds the girl holed up with a shabby stepfather and his mistress (Jennifer Warren) on the Florida Keys, where they manage a dubious-looking sea and air charter service. A traumatizing accident—or is it murder?—shocks the girl into docility and a return home where, doing extra work in a movie, she herself suffers a fatal accident—or is it murder?

Sure it is, and back Moseby goes to Florida for a brutal confrontation with what amounts to a convention of practically every character actor he has up to now encountered in the movie, all of whom have been engaged in an elaborate plot to smuggle hot pre-Columbian art into the U.S. The kid, of course, was killed because she knew too much, and Moseby very nearly catches it when he achieves the same state of knowledge. His evasion of this fate, while lying wounded on the deck of a fishing boat, under attack from a maniacally persistent baddie possessed of a reckless skill for turning an airplane into a murder weapon, compares very favorably with the final moments of *Jaws* for sheer terror.

The film offers other pleasures as

CINEMA

well. Hackman, the archetype of contemporary ordinariness, is as usual superb in the central role. Perplexed, dogged, distracted from the main issues in the case by everything from the economy to the mysteries of feminine psychology, he is an enormously appealing Everyman under pressure. Jennifer Warren, playing an updated version of the old Lauren Bacall character, at once smart-mouthed and sensual, is both skillful and beautiful. It is curious to find a director with Arthur Penn's taste for the offbeat involved in a project that is, bottom line, just another private-eye flick. But under the pressure of his talent and ambition, *Night Moves* becomes more entertaining and more interesting than it basically has any right to be.

■ Richard Schickel



HACKMAN RIDING HARD IN *BULLET*

Dumdum

BITE THE BULLET

Directed and Written by
RICHARD BROOKS

It's Gene Hackman again. He is already on view, in rather different roles, in Arthur Penn's *Night Moves* (see above) and John Frankenheimer's *French Connection II*, and it is a fair measure of the depth and variety of his talent that he has not worn out his welcome. But although Hackman is just as creditable and fresh as ever in *Bite the Bullet*, he is at odds with material that hardly gives him an even break.

Writer-Director Richard Brooks made a western called *The Professionals* in 1966, a hearty, amusing enterprise full of pulp-magazine notions about honor under pressure. *Bite the Bullet* is made in blatant—indeed, often desperate—imitation of *The Professionals*, and the character Hackman plays is a virtual reincarnation of Robert Ryan's soft-spoken, steel-fisted horseman of the pre-

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CINEMA



BERGEN FIGHTS OFF ATTACKER
It "don't make you a man."

vious film. Instead of forming a ragtag commando unit, though, the heroes now make up a party of racers, heading over 700 miles of rugged territory for \$2,000 in prize money.

There are several sorts of human endeavor usually thought to be wildly exciting, but that are actually numbing on film. Kissing, for example. Similarly, racing of any kind is pretty much a drag. If it is car racing, the contestants usually go too fast for anyone to see who is winning. If it is horse racing—as it is here—the animals usually kick up clouds of dust while the riders move up and down in the saddle so fast that nobody can see who they are either.

Brooks had the shrewdness and good taste to cast not only Hackman but the excellent, sardonic James Coburn as his buddy and friendly rival. After that, inspiration fails. Pace, so crucial to undertakings of this kind, is maintained at the approximate speed of a lazy canter. Characters race a piece; dismount, talk things over, get to know each other a little, then start racing again. No one, however, becomes either familiar enough or real enough to make it a matter of much concern who wins the race.

The scenery is nice—mostly New Mexico and Nevada—but Brooks' notion of staging a scene is to plant the actors in the middle of the frame and have them talk. The dialogue is not worth such attention. Coburn is called on to describe Hackman as "the champion of dumb animals, women in distress and lost causes." Candice Bergen points out to the hotheaded Jan-Michael Vincent (the kid looking to make a reputation) that "killin' someone don't make you a man." Brooks occasionally offers some comic relief (Whore 1: "Wasn't he the fastest gun in the West?" Whore 2: "Only in bed, kiddo"), but it doesn't help. Indeed, it seems almost superfluous.

● Joy Cocks

TIME, JULY 21, 1975

Father Lusts Best

JACQUELINE SUSANN'S ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH

Directed by GUY GREEN

Screenplay by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN

There is something exhilarating about inadvertent comedy. Few things are as bracing as the spectacle of a lot of people spending good money trying to be serious and making fools of themselves. By these standards, *Jacqueline Susann's Once Is Not Enough* is an accidentally entertaining piece of work.

No Big Thing. A project like this must be mounted with both reverence for the source material and fearless vulgarity. Such qualities are in evidence here, as Damon Runyon characters used to say, more than somewhat. The movie has to do with a biscuit-eyed lovely named January Wayne (Deborah Raffin) who has a thing about her movie-producer father Mike (Kirk Douglas). Well, not *that* much of a thing since the late Jacqueline Susann didn't write that kind of dirty books. It is at least enough of a thing, however, to propel January toward an older man, an adversary of her father's named Tom Colt (David Janssen). Colt's main grudge against Wayne: "He took my Pulitzer Prize novel and messed it up as a movie."

January throws herself onto Colt's impotent lap, precipitating a whole series of romantic climaxes and their dramatic antitheses. There are other funny goings-on: a putative sapphic interlude between Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, which sends off as many sparks as a doused campfire; an astronaut's confession that his wife and he "didn't really get along before I flew to the moon"; Brenda Vaccaro's struggle as a magazine editor who cannot write, bragging that "we have a whole staff of underpaid shmucks to take care of that."

As for the actors, they are all worthy of every moment of this film, which is both the most and least that can be said of them.

■ J.C.

RAFFIN & DOUGLAS HAVE A THING



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Iceberg 100's

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9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75



THOMAS JEFFERSON & SLAVE AT MONTICELLO, HIS VIRGINIA ESTATE

BOOKS

A Founder's Notes

THE PORTABLE THOMAS JEFFERSON
Edited by MERRILL D. PETERSON
589 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

The men who invented the country 200 years ago have long since been enshrouded by the myths of textbooks and the mists of hagiology. The most elusive figure in that gentlemen's club of revolutionaries was Thomas Jefferson. Henry Adams wrote that every other American statesman could be portrayed with "a few broad strokes of the brush," but Jefferson "only touch by touch with a fine pencil, and the perfection of the likeness depended upon shifting and uncertain flickers of semitransparent shadows." Many biographers have attempted to draw that chiroscuro character, most recently Fawn Brodie in her *Thomas Jefferson, an Intimate Biography*. The result has been an overemphasis of the difficult side of his character: the spiky Freudian dimension, his relationship with Sally Hemmings, a mulatto slave who may have borne Jefferson seven children, his epic ambivalence toward blacks and slavery. Indeed, in his one full-length book, *Notes on the State of Virginia*, Jefferson was capable of declaring that Negroes were in their reason and imagination much inferior to whites and even that they smelled bad. Even so, he seems genuinely to have abominated slavery, and he expressed terrible premonitions: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."

Such interlunations, of course, remain—Adams' "shadows." But those aside, Jefferson possessed a splendidly Baconian intellect, a mind with all its windows open. The scope and subtlety of that mind is on full view in *The Portable Thomas Jefferson*, a superb col-

lection of his letters and public writings. The reader can begin almost anywhere in the book and come away refreshed. Perhaps the best starting point is Jefferson's stately, passionate argument for independence: a declaration that issues from a ripe philosophical vision of the natural rights of man. His Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom begins with resonances that summarize every belief he holds: "Whereas Almighty God hath created the mind free . . ."

Notes on the State of Virginia, a response to a series of questions posed by the secretary of the French legation in Philadelphia, is a mixture of guidebook, history, scientific ledger, philosophical treatise, vindication of American nationalism and casual introduction to Jefferson's opinions on practically everything. The *Notes* and the 79 letters included here are the most compelling part of the Viking collection.

For Jefferson, observation is a delight and a kind of secular salvation: the escape from superstition. He records temperatures with Talmudic attention. He knows the weights of otters, the principles of architecture, the paleontological importance of certain prehistoric bones. He is an alert tourist; while Minister to France, he advises Lafayette "Absolutely incognito, you must ferret the people out of their hovels, as I have done, look into their kettles, eat their bread, lol on their beds under pretence of resting yourself but in fact to find if they are soft." Nothing is lost on him—books, ideas, weather, grains, diet, a new vaccine, the complexities of Indian languages. It is his huge intellectual appetite that makes him so attractive. For with his heroes Newton, Bacon and Locke, Jefferson was finally an optimist of knowledge. It may have been his vision of the widening possibilities of the

mind in an ever widening country that allowed him to embody the contradictions of aristocrat and revolutionary.

There are times when Jefferson can seem bloodlessly theoretical, when one misses the wit and truculence of, say, John Adams. Jefferson could be charming but never humorous. There was a peculiar distance in his character. But he possessed something rare: a splendid sanity, an equilibrium. The American mind has been trying to recover its balance ever since.

■ Lance Morrow

Jaws

THE FIGHT
by NORMAN MAILER
239 pages. Little, Brown. \$7.95.

Champion Muhammad Ali is steadily punching his way through assorted beefcakes to become the highest-paid athletic performer of all time. He received \$2 million for his light workout with Joe Bugner and has been promised twice as much for his September bout with Joe Frazier. Heavyweight Norman Mailer's last big deal was a \$1 million contract to produce 500,000 to 800,000 words, or roughly five books. After taxes and expenses, he notes, that is not much money for a man who bears the costs of five marriages and seven children.

Perhaps this is what makes *The Fight*, Mailer's account of last year's Ali-Foreman bout in Zaire, humid with a sense of obligation. Even though Ali beat the odds and regained his championship, it was not a truly good fight. For all his buildup as a killing machine, Foreman moped around the ring like a man bitten by a tsetse fly. Mailer's blow-by-blow description of the fight strains to create more excitement than a ringside

MAILER & SPARRING PARTNER



radio announcer. "Making love to a brunette when she is wearing a blonde wig" is his punchy simile for Ali's tactical shift in style.

To compensate for the one-sided action in the ring, Mailer continues his familiar shadowboxing with the ineffable. He uses nearly all the old combinations. In his interviews with Ali and Foreman, Mailer is the old Manichean attempting to create tensions with ambiguities of good and evil. Ali is seen not only as a dark prince who taps Mailer's deepest anxieties about Negroes, but also as the "black Kissinger" who may one day pose some vague political threat.

Psychic Energy. There are also the author's ritual mentions of the liver as if it were a window on the soul, psychosomatic illness, and plenty of vigorous metaphors on the uses of terror, dread and psychic energy. He even parodies Rojack of *An American Dream* by playing around on the terrace ledge of his hotel room, high above the streets of Kinshasa. As always, Mailer is keenly aware of his own celebrity when mixing with other celebrities. As always, no one can cut the competition as well as he does. Zaire's President Mobutu reminds Mailer of "a snake around a stick." Fight Promoter Don King's intellectual pretensions are pricked by simply quoting his pronunciation of the German philosopher "Knees Ith." George Plimpton's genteel competitiveness makes him "a smokeless Vesuvius."

Despite all the entertaining distractions and intellectual feints, *The Fight* only adds up to Norman Mailer honorably going about the business of making his living. Covering a sport that seems to hold less and less interest for Americans calls for all his savvy. But even Mailer cannot make a silk purse out of a cauliflower ear.

■ R. Z. Sheppard

Little Precious

THE LONELY HUNTER

by VIRGINIA SPENCER CARR
600 pages. Doubleday. \$12.50.

Her eyes were black and fierce below the camouflage of little-girl bangs. They seemed curiously separate—not quite a matching pair. By the age of 13 she had reached a height of 5 ft. 8½ in., and lest the home-town folks of Columbus, Ga., think she was one of them, Lula Carson (as she was baptized) wore knee socks and tennis shoes while the other Southern teenie-belles were wearing heels. The opening lines of Carson McCullers' most famous work, *The Member of the Wedding*, can be read as her epitaph: "She belonged to no club and was a member of nothing in the world."

Alas, Virginia Spencer Carr is capable of ungainly paraphrase: "Carson quivered inside and yearned for acceptance." An associate professor of English at Columbus College in McCullers' birthplace, she spends the bare minimum of her 600 pages analyzing McCul-

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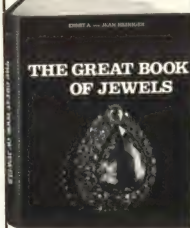
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lers' texts. Instead, Author Carr vainly seeks to characterize the Creative Process: "She sank again into her pillows and gazed off with her great dark eyes into an imagined land called up at will."

In spite of herself, the biographer has succeeded. She has written one of those windy, overweight Southern books—the *Gone With the Wind* syndrome—that can do everything wrong except bore the reader. For seven indefatigable years she has tracked her subject: to New York City, where Carson lived in a household that included W.H. Auden, Benjamin Britten and Richard Wright, among others; to the obligatory artists' colonies (Yaddo, Bread Loaf); even to London and Paris. Early on, she grabs her fey and monstrous main character

of chain-smoking and drinking straight gin. Carson was hardly into her 20s when she suffered the first of several strokes. Anemia, pleurisy, a rheumatic heart and cancer followed in lethal succession. She was afflicted with a melodramatic bisexuality, a condition that made her fall in love with husbands and wives. Like the protagonist in her story *A Tree, A Rock, A Cloud*, she could say: "Son, I can love anything." Nevertheless, Biographer Carr judges, she preferred women. Her often unrequited infatuations ranged from Isak Dinesen to Marilyn Monroe. "I was born a man," Carson once declared with a peculiar amalgam of imagination and truth.

Survival of all this was purchased at an awful cost. The prodigy's creative energies evaporated prematurely. By the time she was 25, all of her major works had been conceived. Her first novel, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* (1940), made her a celebrity at 23. Her second novel, *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, was published the following year. By that time she had also begun work on both *The Member of the Wedding* (which she would adapt into a 1950 Broadway smash starring Julie Harris and Ethel Waters) and *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* (adapted disastrously by Edward Albee).

Carson's overall assessment of her work: "I have more to say than Hemingway, and, God knows, I say it better than Faulkner." The eight years since her death at 50 have not found many who agree. Her style, like the hearts and XXXs she scrawled at the end of her letters, now seems too breathless, too flamboyant. She was a hot writer, too explicit in her grotesque symbols for deformed love and lives misshapen by loneliness. The cooler mode of Flannery O'Connor is more to today's taste. But there are a hugeness of appetite, a shameless naiveté of feeling to McCullers that recall an America far older than a generation ago. A poet of tall tales of damnation, she wrote of a time and place that seemed peopled by myths and driven by obsessions; and she lived as she wrote.

■ Melvin Maddocks



CARSON MCCULLERS AT HOME IN 1961
"Son, I can love anything."

by the toe and never lets go. The ghost of McCullers does the rest.

Almost everybody who knew Carson felt that friendship with her was an act of survival. "Carson burdened everyone who got close to her," Lillian Hellman complained. "I always felt Carson was a destroyer," concluded Elizabeth Bowen. As for Carson herself, she seemed "indestructible"—in the almost despairing word of her husband Reeves McCullers (who killed himself in a Paris hotel room after 16 years of marriage).

She needed resiliency to survive. Her youth was permanently maimed by a suffocating, overambitious mother who called her only "Little Precious." Her puerile "maturity" was filled with weeks

All in the Family

THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH
by REYNOLDS PRICE

491 pages. Atheneum. \$10.95.

Reynolds Price's first novel, *A Long and Happy Life*, appeared in 1962, the year of William Faulkner's death. The coincidence was not lost on litterateurs. Ever since, Price has been the odds-on favorite of those who believe that the U.S. must always have a Southern writer-in-residence whispering of dark doings behind the magnolia. This dreadnought of a family saga (Price's fourth novel) proves that he has earned the title. It is also strong evidence that the post is obsolete.

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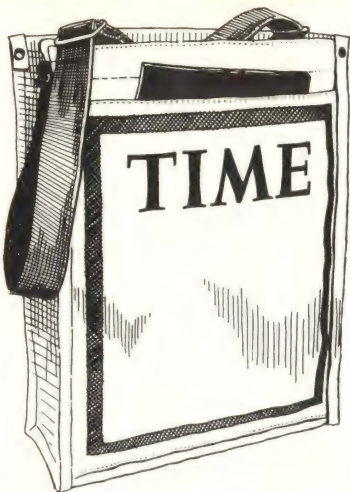
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BOOKS

riousness. *The Surface of the Earth* is so much shadowboxing with the ghosts of a gothic past. Price assembles as pallid a clan of relatives as ever sipped juleps on the veranda. The Mayfields and the Kendals are first yoked together in 1903, when young Eva Kendal elopes with Forrest Mayfield, her high school Latin teacher. Piqued, Eva's mother commits suicide and leaves her a nasty letter. A son, Rob, is born, and Eva trots back home with him to care for her father in North Carolina. Forrest stays in Virginia, feeling sorry for himself and looking for his own runaway father. Years later, of course, Rob must search for Forrest, and then Rob's son must repeat the process.

Dawdle and Mope. Away from the hunt, they also stand and wait. And wait. The novel contains enough pregnant pauses to fuel a year of TV soaps: "considerable," "sizable," "baffled," "stupefied" waits. But then, there seems to be no reason to hurry. Tended by a small army of admiring blacks, the Mayfields and Kendals have nothing much to do except dawdle and mope. "I am 55 years old this month," says Forrest at one point. "Never say 'Time flies'; it has seemed like forever."

So it does, so it does. Clearly, Price loves these people and cherishes the suffocating orneriness of extended family living. What he does not do is demonstrate that this collection of etiolated creatures deserves anybody's attention but its own.

■ Paul Gray

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Moneychangers*, Hailey (1 last week)
- 2—*Shardik*, Adams (2)
- 3—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, Rossner (4)
- 4—*Centennial*, Michener (3)
- 5—*The Great Train Robbery*, Crichton (6)
- 6—*The Dreadful Lemon Sky*, MacDonald (8)
- 7—*The Massacre of Fall Creek*, West (7)
- 8—*The Promise of Joy*, Drury (5)
- 9—*Spindrift*, Whiney (9)
- 10—*Shogun*, Clavell

NONFICTION

- 1—*Breach of Faith*, White (1)
- 2—*How the Good Guys Finally Won*, Braslin (2)
- 3—*Total Fitness*, Morehouse & Gross (3)
- 4—*The Bermuda Triangle*, Berlitz (6)
- 5—*TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress*, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe (7)
- 6—*Conversations with Kennedy*, Bradlee (4)
- 7—*The Ascent of Man*, Branowski (5)
- 8—*Sylvia Porter's Money Book*, Porter (8)
- 9—*Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders*, Bugliosi with Gentry
- 10—*Judy*, Frank

Preus' Purge

The Rev. Jacob A.O. Preus is a classic scholar who takes his Bible straight. He accepts literally the story of the creation in *Genesis*, insists that Adam and Eve were historical figures and believes that Noah's flood covered the entire globe since *Genesis* says so. Because of Jesus' reference to the story of Jonah's sojourn in "a great fish," Preus accepts the tale as fact.

All this might be treated as one man's opinion were not Jack Preus also president of the 2.8 million-member Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. For six years, mustering a solid majority of conservatives in his church, Preus has been increasingly successful in making such religious fundamentalism (TIME cover, Dec. 30) the single acceptable norm for the church's clergy. Last week, at the denomination's biennial convention in Anaheim, Calif., he won another victory. The delegates voted to give him the power to depose a group of dissident leaders: eight of the church's 35 U.S. district presidents, who are the rough equivalent of bishops.

Preus has had to buck a strong religious trend. Most mainstream U.S. Protestants—and even many Roman Catholics—nowadays tolerate a wide diversity of theological opinion, and until Preus' election in 1969, the Missouri

"So do many other Americans. Last week marked the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the famous Scopes 'monkey trial,' in which Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan debated the merits of the theory of evolution. 'Creationists' who still oppose teaching the theory have been trying to get it expunged from school science texts.

Synod seemed to be moving slowly in the same direction. Attempting to tighten discipline and doctrine on what he saw as a drifting ship, Preus cracked down. His main targets were faculty members of the denomination's major academic arm, Concordia Seminary of St. Louis. These teachers, who in the ensuing debate styled themselves moderates, take a less rigid view of the Bible, accepting modern interpretation that explains the story of Adam and Eve, for instance, less as history than myth. In 1974 Preus won the ouster of the seminary's president, the Rev. John H. Tietjen, on charges of fostering "false doctrine." Supporting Tietjen, the majority of Concordia's faculty and students walked out, starting a rival seminary in exile (Seminex), also in St. Louis.

Vacant Posts. A year ago, Seminex graduated its first 126 students. Challenging orders from headquarters, a number of district presidents found jobs for some of the graduates, and eight presidents even ordained them. In distress, the church's Council of Presidents turned to the Anaheim convention. By a vote of 626 to 466, the delegates passed a resolution ordering district presidents to require the endorsement of an official seminary before certifying candidates for ordination. Any president who does not do so must resign or have his office declared vacant.

Even if Preus declares the eight posts vacant, at least seven of the presidents are expected to be defiantly re-elected by their districts. Whether the confrontation will compel the moderates actually to break with the official church—or how such a rupture would come about—remains to be seen. Evangelical Lutherans in Mission, an organization of moderates that the convention declared "schismatic," will meet next month to discuss what to do.

If a split does occur, it is uncertain how many would leave the Missouri Synod. Tietjen predicts that more than 1,500 congregations will depart. Others put the figure much lower, at a maximum of 500 congregations encompassing some 250,000 members. Whatever happens, the moderates themselves reject the word schism. "It isn't a schism; it's a purge," argues the Rev. Richard Neuhaus, Brooklyn pastor, author and political activist. "Preus won't let us stay in and believe and practice what we have for 20 years. We are not pulling out; we are being forced out."

A Network for Yahweh

The format is pure TV talk show; the content is not. In one episode the genial, loose-jointed M.C. welcomes a California real estate salesman named Frank Foglio, who tells a modern version of the loaves-and-fishes miracle: his mother, with 18 mouths to feed one night, prayed over a quarter-pound of spaghetti. God multiplied it so generously that there were even leftovers.

On another show the host listens to Galloping Gourmet Graham Kerr describe how he was "slain in the Spirit" and experienced the event as "going down into a bath full of goose feathers." After such tales come bleaker stories and pleas for spiritual help from listeners who have written letters or who call into a busy bank of phones. "We lift before you the prayer requests in the name of Jesus," intones the M.C., raising aloft a batch of letters. "We rebuke Satan in the name of Jesus."

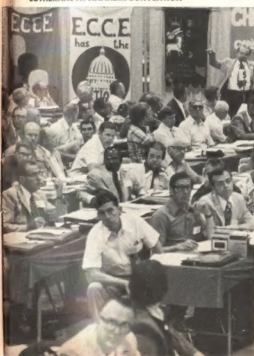
This is the *700 Club*, televised five times a week from Portsmouth, Va., for a growing audience in 38 cities. Says Marion Gordon ("Pat") Robertson, the M.C.: "The idea of programming a simple person, Jesus, as show biz is antipathetical, but people in modern society are accustomed to a certain amount of show. We have to do it to get people to listen to his message."

Off camera, Robertson, 45, is president of the Christian Broadcasting Network, which owns stations in Dallas and Atlanta as well as Portsmouth. There are also 35 affiliated stations round the country on which Robertson buys time to air the *700 Club* and his other Christian programs ranging from Bible lessons to Jesus rock. The network is uniquely successful among religious channels, most of which operate primarily with unpaid amateurs and shoestring budgets. So did Robertson at first, but he now has a \$10.2 million budget.

Give Alms. The son of A. Willis Robertson, U.S. Senator from Virginia for two decades, Pat graduated from Yale Law School, failed his bar exam and went into the electronics business. Raised a Southern Baptist, he was restless and unhappy until at 26 he decided to become a minister and studied at New York City's Biblical Seminary. There he became involved with Pentecostals who were claiming baptism of the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. He also became something of a fanatic: he sold nearly everything he and his wife owned when she was away. His explanation: the Bible directed him to "sell your possessions and give alms."

In 1959, shortly after that event, he felt the call to go back home to Virginia. While his wife and two children subsisted mainly on donated soybeans, he tried to raise enough capital to buy

LUTHERANS AT ANAHEIM CONVENTION



REUTERS/STYRON



ROBERTSON (CENTER) PRAYING ON 700 CLUB
A bath full of goose feathers.

and equip a defunct TV station in Portsmouth that he hoped to turn into a Christian voice. His first attempt failed, but finally, through gifts and loans, Robertson launched the station, which he christened WYAH, for Yahweh. By 1961 he was on the air with one camera and a 2½-hour program of preaching and country hymns.

After a decade of solely religious programming, in 1971 Robertson also began running secular children's shows and reruns of wholesome sitcoms (*Leave It to Beaver*, *Gomer Pyle*) that lured a larger audience to stay tuned for the religious shows. Listeners are extremely loyal: most of the network's income—\$10.7 million this year—consists of their small contributions. The remainder comes from commercials that are screened for good taste and reliability.

Asking God. Apparently there is a ready audience for the high-powered spiritual fare. "A woman told me that this is all the religion her children get," Robertson says. The invitation to listeners to phone in for prayer helps bring the network 500,000 calls a year and 30,000 professions of faith. Explains Robertson: "We can ask God to heal and he does it. This is just New Testament."

Robertson's network will soon include stations in Hartford and Boston. Christian Network radio broadcasts for Britain from the Isle of Man began two weeks ago. Soon Robertson hopes to set up a satellite relay station on a hill outside Bethlehem because he believes "this should be a center of God's love for these last days before Christ's Second Coming." As Pentecostals, he explains, "we at Christian Broadcasting act as though we haven't a lot of time left to bring the word of the Lord to the world."

Not Busting the Trust

Most experts agree that the U.S.'s transportation network is gravely out of balance—too much emphasis on highways and too little on railroads and mass transit. The main reason can be summed up in four words: the Highway Trust Fund. Created by Congress in 1956 to build the 42,500-mile-long interstate highway system, now 85% complete, the fund has proved to be a financially irresistible force. It automatically receives some \$4 billion every year from a federal gasoline tax of 4¢ per gal., plus another \$2 billion from levies on diesel fuel, lubricating oil and other motoring necessities. By contrast, mass transit has always had to scramble for federal funds, gaining only in 1973 a secondary claim on money in the highway fund.

Last week President Ford sent Congress a message that seemed to ask for legislation to correct the situation. He focused on the federal gasoline tax, proposing to siphon 3¢ of the 4¢ per gal. away from the highway fund. Two of those pennies would become part of the Government's general revenues and could theoretically be used to aid mass transit, or indeed to bankroll any federal program. The remaining cent would go to the states, which in theory could also use the money for any purpose.

As if this apparent trust-fund busting were not enough to sway Congress, Ford explained that his proposal would also limit the Federal Government's role in road building to areas of clear national concern like the interstate system. General highway building, he said, is a "classic example of a federal program that has expanded over the years into areas of state and local responsibility." The suggestion was that states and cities would gain new control over every aspect of road building, from financing to construction.

Yet the President's plan is far less innovative than it appears to be. In fact, it is a collection of politically attractive revisions that change almost nothing. The highway fund would still receive \$3 billion a year from the remaining 1¢-per-gal. tax and the other levies—enough to continue to finance road building at close to its present massive scale. At the same time, much of the new money channeled to the states

would still be used for highways; most states have provisions written into their constitutions that require all funds raised by gasoline taxes to be spent on roads. Indeed, Ford's proposal would only free the states from complying with federal rules that force highway builders to design their roads to be safe and not harmful to the environment.

Committed Money. What about the 2¢-per-gal. tax that would swell the Government's general revenues? That money would not be available for mass transit, welfare, defense or anything else: it has in effect already been committed to highways. The Department of Transportation's budget projections through 1981 call for federal spending of about \$2.2 billion a year—roughly the same amount provided by the trust fund today—to maintain rural, suburban and urban roads and make them safer. Moreover, under Ford's plan, mass-transit funds that used to come from the highway trust would now come out of general revenues, where they would be at a competitive disadvantage with roads. "Sure, we need more mass transit," sums up a transportation expert in Washington. "But we also need the highways, and there is not enough money for both." Whether Congress will agree remains to be seen.

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